



THE NEW WORLD  
WITH OTHER STORIES



LOUIS JAMES BLOCK







2  
to R. J. W. Wiskfelder  
with the very best wishes  
of the Union  
Miss Mary

Aug. 20. 95



# THE NEW WORLD

WITH OTHER VERSE

BY

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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To Mr.  
Andrew

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TO  
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN  
POET, CRITIC, FRIEND OF POETS  
THIS BOOK  
IS ADMIRINGLY AND LOYALLY INSCRIBED

1885



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#### NOTE.

*The Friendship of the Faiths* was read in part at the Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago during the month of September, 1893.

*The New World* was published in the summer of 1893, and is reproduced here as it is now otherwise out of print. When it first saw the light of day, it was called *El Nuevo Mundo*, but I have thought best to translate the title.



## THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE FAITHS





## THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE FAITHS.

### I.

THE voice of the Soul to the Great and High :  
“ I know you for Life of my life,  
I know you for Light of mine eyes,  
I long for your infinite calm ;  
Forth from the storm and the strife,  
The rumor of days and the blackness of sky,  
The rush of the manifold cries,  
I would fleet to the realm where hope  
Finds builded and shaped her uttermost scope,  
To the region afar where your touch and brow  
Fill all the winds with perfume and balm,  
The towers not wrought of hands,  
The heart's imperishable now,  
The achievement's marvellous lands.  
I know from your bosom I came,  
Your secret of love and of flame ;  
I long through the cloud-swept passage of night  
For the clear resurgence of you and of light ;  
I feel your breath on my deepest of will ;  
I know you near whatso darkness I tread,  
I see you beside my sleepless bed,

I answer your life and its wondrous thrill.  
Through all the ages' turmoil have I yearned to  
    you,  
Through all the periods have I prayed to you,  
From depth of strangest sorrows have I burned to  
    you,  
From farthest paths my supplications have been  
    made to you.  
How have I ever sought you,  
Down what dim streams and through what mountain  
    passes,  
The flight of the bright sun across the stretching  
    skies,  
In meadow lands amid lush grasses,  
In mine own chasms of aspiration,  
And loftiest thought's world-circling peace ;  
Yet in what shape soe'er I wrought you,  
Calling upon you with what pain-impassioned cries,  
Seeking your height of shining pure release  
From agony of limitation,  
I knew you for the goal and end  
To which my feet must ever wend,  
I knew you, O Transcendent One,  
As Heart of hearts and Soul of souls,  
Unchanging, perfect, golden-same,  
Master of death and victory won  
Over dark grief that speeds and rolls,  
Helper and Guide and Firm to tame  
The surging nations to your pregnant Will,  
The Strength beneficent that throbs and beats  
Through space's vastness and must still

Past winter's snows and summer's heats  
Lead to the many-portaled city where  
You are the glowing and the girdling air,  
Spirit's attainment and the unison  
Of all you love in joy's completeness unbegun !”

II.

Response from the uttermost deeps :  
“ Children of mine are you all,  
I bore you forth into the void,  
Forth into Time's unresting hall  
Where the wind of change leaps up and sweeps,  
Where day arises and night is destroyed,  
Where the myriad song awakes and rings  
Of the wide divisive universe of things ;  
I bore you, my manifold sons,  
In a stream that unceasingly runs ;  
I gave you my whole of being  
For your behoof and mastery and seeing ;  
Yea, I gave you the veriest soul of me,  
The innermost might of completeness and self,  
The strength that binds forever in one  
All in the world that is thought and done,  
The source and the promise of liberty !  
You shall be more than blossom or elf,  
More than the patient growths of the field,  
More than the music the great seas yield,  
More than the suns around which dance  
The jubilant planets, yea, more  
Than gods who know not anguishings sore

And dwell forever in dalliance  
With heaven's own glories, unproven, untempted ;  
You shall arise to spirit and truth  
Out of the stark sheer darkness of nought,  
Your destiny woven and wrought  
By strength of will that glows dirempted,  
But gladly given to the Will that is mine ;  
Lo ! from the world's beginning and youth,  
Throughout its latter wonder and glory,  
The joyous, the growing, the dominant story ;  
Clearer the light and the life of me shine,  
Brought to divinest returning splendor,  
My sons becoming myself as attender  
On the fire that is centre and mid,  
On the glow that am I and God,  
A rebuilding fair of the life that was hid  
In every struggling period,  
The soul self-fashioned and an offering free  
On mine altar, Freedom, not Mystery ! ”

## III.

Through the broad field of Time  
The rush and the tumult ran ;  
Subtle and deep the voice from the holier clime  
Spoke in the heart of battling man.  
Clad in the soiling bondages of earth  
He felt within him the surge of a nobler birth.  
The smallest flower that grew,  
The winds that veering and careering blew,  
The stars that covered the midnight sky,

The sun in his fiery triumph on high,  
Murmurs that came from his innermost heart,  
Glimpses that shone he knew not whence,  
His own life's gradual pre-eminence,  
His thought's and his will's sure sovereignty,  
Woke him to knowledges fair of all that was yet to  
be.

The mighty message was the grander part  
Of everything that lived and toiled and sang,  
And everywhere the stronger music rang,  
An all-enveloping glory of revelation  
That should at last bring each uplooking genera-  
tion

Into the circle its benigance made,  
A rich wide chorus which should purely be  
The constant voice of wise Divinity,  
The purpose which so long had played  
About the slow-unfolding soul  
Risen to clearness and at length,  
In its white beauty and its strength,  
Showing the union of the whole,  
Which life and time must always serve,  
Freedom and worship and calm chastity,  
Suffering borne that the good might be,  
The golden sweep, and clasping curve  
Wherein sweet justice holds all men,  
The single truth that sees its perfectness  
Holding the world as with a soft caress,  
Love that is Manhood finishèd,  
Life that is Master of the quick and dead !

## IV.

Therefore began the Search,  
Lit by the light within,  
From the depth and darkness of sin,  
From the foulness of earth and the smirch,  
To the high white pureness that has forever been ;  
Heavy the weight of the world upon them,  
Glamour and gloom of the outer have won them,  
Yet the sure instinct turns  
To a fire that fadelessly burns,  
Above and beyond and spiritual-clear  
And tender amid the revel of fear ;  
The rocks and the trees and the serpentine coils  
Hold them amid their toils,  
But the flame shines white  
Above all forms of sense or sight ;  
The sun and the day through shine and cloud  
Bear onward their dreams fulfilled of tears,  
And the light-flecked sea's still fluctuant crowd  
Tosses afar their hopes and their fears ;  
The ghost-world of the dead  
Glimmers and glowers with lure and with dread ;  
The miracle of the strife  
Appals with the savage exuberance of life ;  
Service and song and pain  
Seem the grim paths unto gain,  
And high in the winds and the air  
Images rise both sombre and fair,  
Mixtures of man and of things,  
Monstrous gods and pure,

Splendors about whom all life sings,  
Horrors that may not endure,  
Growth, beginning, movement, and change,  
Death, and sleep, and fleetnesses that range,  
Circles on circles of strange divinities,  
Worship than these that yet wilder is ;  
But over them and above  
Hovers the hope of Love,  
And the crescent white Light within  
Promises itself and release from the lessening base-  
ness and sin.

## v.

O mother of nations, vast and visionary,  
Asia, whose teeming loins sent both to South and  
North  
Your myriad wanderers forth,  
Toward the great hope that glows and may not  
vary  
Your strong and elemental gaze was sent.  
Beside the gentler-moving waves of the great sea  
Your worshipping sons were fixed and bent  
Before the Law's serene inviolable majesty,  
And Fatherhood shone forth ennobling and sub-  
lime,  
Monarch amid the weaknesses of Time ;  
The grandeur of the large ancestral past,  
The deathless force of all the things that were,  
Over your children their divineness cast  
And patient rest in power that cannot err.

O dreaming mother, yet on high afar  
And past the dimmest and remotest star,  
Your eyes beheld the vision of the lonely calm,  
That was to restlessness a lure, to agony a balm ;  
You found the way of prayer and abstinence and  
thought  
By which the freedom from the body could be  
wrought,  
The mid of contemplation where arise  
The peace and silence of the painless skies ;  
Yet others of your sons sought more than peace ;  
Nobility, a flame at war with night,  
Sent them on conquest's paths, bringing release  
To multitudes not wakened to the sight  
Of central radiance guiding all aright ;  
And others roamed the crested, haunted seas,  
Hoping somewhere to fathom life's dark mysteries ;  
And Egypt, who was yours, sat questioning  
What the cold voiceless grave might bring ;  
And others saw within the Spirit's lustrous deeps  
The pure Transcendent One, who ever keeps  
In arms of sleepless providence  
The wavering soul's pre-eminence ;  
And on your vision glowed the miracle,  
That holds the universe in omnipresent spell,  
The region of the Eternal where all hearts are one  
In the good Father, and each heart a son,  
Where life's each deed is infinite, complete,  
And all are glad at gracious Freedom's feet ;  
And later came the fierce triumphal march  
Under heaven's variant arch



Of those who knew that Unity  
Was lord and secret of just prophecy ;  
O mysterious mother of us all,  
In the great day that is to come,  
In the great fate that must befall,  
Your voice shall gird with gold the mighty Music's  
sum.

VI.

Unto the westering star,  
Beside the midland sea,  
The pageant speeds and rolls,  
The search which shatters each bond and bar,  
The grasp of the joy which must forever be,  
The unanimity which is the soul's.  
The dream of golden manhood burst and rose,  
Young Greece, victorious 'twixt the heavens and  
earth,  
The outer pliant to the thought that glows,  
Love, Light, and Equipoise in subtle birth ;  
The rhythmic pulses of the spirit keep  
Equable flow with forest, hill, and dewy lawn,  
The sun for an ecstatic moment in a perfect dawn  
Resting unanxious for the wearying steep,—  
For a brief interval, and the great toil  
Builds another curve and coil  
Of the self-recurrent rise  
Unto the topmost skies.  
Rome's tramp of armèd and relentless strength  
Wakens the echoes from the North to South,

And conquest builds its passages at length  
From snows unmelting unto ceaseless drouth.  
The might of Will Supreme  
Burns in the haughty eagle's gleam ;  
Obedience firm unto the sterner law  
Circles the regions with its luminous awe.  
The shepherd star that beamed upon the east  
Soared to a flooding sunshine and increased ;  
The impassioned dweller of the forest felt  
That radiance into his being melt ;  
Forth from his immemorial woods Germanic  
The storm of warriors sweeps titanic ;  
Over the anguished tyrant-ridden world  
The torrent was sent forth and hurled ;  
The tumult soothed itself and life  
Sprang deepened from the storm and strife ;  
The inner glories woke and shone  
Contrasted with the outer's pain and moan ;  
Heaven's paramount spheres of sovereignty spirit-  
ual  
Held the roused heart in noblest thrall.  
Lo ! by the wondrous midland sea  
Life wove for itself a jewelled imagery,  
A garb of gemmed observance and a power  
That has unending labor for its dower,  
A robe miraculous of song and flame and tale  
Whose wearing calms all waywardness,  
Having strange might to bless  
And making wanton passions bend and quail ;  
But where the icier stars look forth  
Upon the iron north,

The revelation in its whiteness pure  
Needs only its own strength to draw and to allure ;  
The secret comes in mildest splendor  
Unto its worshipper and attender,  
The veilless Truth and all-embracing Hope  
At the unclouded summit of the nation-travelled  
slope ;  
Yet further westward turns the expectant gaze  
Across the ocean's ceaseless roar  
Whence swift mysterious lightnings pour  
Promises of a newer morning's blaze.

## VII.

Room for the light and growth,  
Room for the farthest-reaching strong desire,  
Occasion's golden portals open unto all !  
The speeding hours are nothing loth,  
And every truth's soul-circling and soul-healing  
gyre  
Finds the glad skies that must befall.  
Over the sea's forbidding reach and long denial  
The old deliverance fleets and toils as in the past,  
And once again a noble trial  
Promises guerdon at the last.  
The web which the weary years have fashioned  
well,  
The garment made by the toilers dead,  
Mankind shall wear in splendor perfected  
And peace amid them shall securely dwell.  
Truth's ever-variant revelations

Like light convergent to a single point  
Shall bring together the long-severed nations  
And the one sacred oil shall all anoint.  
Under the buoyant western sun  
The latter labor is begun.  
Land that throws wide the wave-swept shore,  
Land that is Freedom's at your young heart's core,  
Blooms from the oldest, farthest clime  
Mate with your winds and blend in rhyme.  
Room for the light and growth,  
The seasons no longer are loth !  
The mingling of lights in the struggling earth  
Sends the white radiance from its luminous girth,  
Light unto Light above,  
And Love unto Supreme Love,  
The union of souls in conscious Soul,  
Reflex of Spirit and living prayer  
Surging to heaven's uttermost pole  
Through the divided rejoicing air,  
Worship wherein all Time takes part,  
Fulfilment, Attainment, Destiny Fair,  
Divinity's vital, omnipotent art,  
Freedom that holds the world in thrall,  
The stainless wonder, God all in all !

## VIII.

Under the summer's latter skies, within the age's  
latter years,  
The friendship of the Faiths is sealed, the triumph  
over doubts and fears ;

From the four quarters of the calmèd winds the di-  
verse travellers come,  
Patient to hear the voice of Truth, to hold the  
Quest's ungarnered sum,  
Over the world's unquiet realm to rise and pene-  
trate afar  
Into the mid of spiritual powers that rule the sun  
and every star ;  
For round the whirl and toss of things, above the  
tumult and the din,  
Perfect and pure and prevalent, the true gods dwell  
the spirit within,  
The realm of the ideals great where life is ever  
clear and whole,  
And God himself in perfectness is mixed and joined  
with every soul.  
The suffering and the bitter tears of all the hours  
that gloomed and moaned  
Shine there like jewels fixed and part of ecstasy  
that sits enthroned.  
There every life is young and strong with the whole  
realm's transcendent might  
And darkness is but as a change from light to more  
alluring light.  
The wondrous truths that came and dwelt in visi-  
tations far and sweet  
Like messengers from very God to soothe despair  
and rouse defeat,  
While struggling man climbed up the mount and  
faltered by the anguished way,  
Have ever known that region's calm and golden un-  
diminished day,

Eternal, incorruptible, Godhead before that regnant  
God  
Arose the master-life of space, and maker of each  
period,  
Serene, divine, the source of everything, the subtly  
permeant air  
That girds and welds the whole with gradual music  
of the ever fair.  
Spirit wherein the reconciliation gives the victory  
to all  
Unto your looming home we pass and freely are  
your bond and thrall ;  
For you are Freedom and who freely yields his  
deepest life to you  
Becomes as one clothed on with Time and mighty  
as the morning new ;  
Unto that goal Truth's pilgrims stern have always  
turned and there have known  
The heart of the white Mystery that on true hearts  
has ever shone ;  
And the religious glow a part of the one Faith su-  
preme, sublime,  
That has nor severing height nor depth, nor differ-  
ence of age or clime ;  
The Search has been a part of it, and felt within  
the small as great  
The passionate beneficence of a transfiguring golden  
fate  
That was in everything, in cloud and sky, in death  
and darkest sin,  
The ceaseless potent miracle that wrought the  
nobler life within.

This is the storied Citadel to which the Paths have  
wound and led,  
This is the glorious finished toil for which the Deed  
has striven and bled.  
Here in these latter sounding years the voice is  
heard poured from the sky,  
“ All men are children of great God and not a child  
of his shall die ! ”  
Here in the Parliament of Faiths is seen the trust  
that knows all men  
Born of that loftiest realm, and strong as Truth’s  
unquestioned denizen.  
For in the soul all paths are one, and every pathway  
must be trod  
To find that region’s myriad dells, whose rounding  
wholeness is high God ;  
And every light that shone soe’er is part of that  
o’ermastering Light  
Which every man must make his own, as regent of  
his certain sight.  
Here is the conclave catholic, which speaks the  
reconciling truth,  
Seeking the ageless permanent life that smiles  
above in blissful youth,  
The conclave that is one with aims that were when  
worlds and stars were nought  
Save as they slept and trembled fair within the  
sempiternal thought,  
The just belief, the worship meet, all revelation’s  
fount and source,  
The light-veiled chaste nobility whence History  
drew its curving course.

Life grows divine, hope's goal is won, when the  
Eternal opens wide  
His music-hinged gates and through and through  
the world is Heaven's own bride,  
When the great Faiths clasp hand and say they are  
the clear Transcendent One's  
Who will not change whatever ways are those of  
the time-travelling suns.  
Lo ! search has been his life within the pulsing  
secret life of man  
And hope his blood of reddest hue that through  
the anguished heart-beats ran,  
And in the circle of his hands benign shall rise the  
Temple fair  
Wherein mankind from every star shall speak his  
name and breathe his air.



## LAST MOVEMENT OF THE SYMPHONY.

(ALLEGRO MAESTOSO.)

THE hushed and all-expectant air is cloven  
By the low throbbing violins' golden murmur,  
And one by one the mellow tones are woven  
Into a song that firmer grows and firmer.

The dullard cares that all our day infested  
Have fled like mists before the music's sun,  
And fallen hope re-arises and invested  
With glow of life that is as triumph won.

What is the land to which the dream invites us ?  
What the awakening thrilling through and  
through us ?  
Has Heaven a strength than this that more delights  
us ?  
A fervor that can more than this renew us ?

Instrument after instrument sweeps exultant  
Into the harmony growing ever grander,  
And the large joy that is the chief resultant  
Becomes life's sovereign and divine commander.

20      *Last Movement of the Symphony.*      .

The rush and tumult of unfettered passion  
    Faded away in solemn adjuration,  
And bliss was born in bright miraculous fashion  
    Out of the pain and scornful incantation.

The melodies half-uttered, stammering, broken,  
    Complete at last and wondrously united,  
Obey the central song's soft luminous token,  
    And are as those whom Heaven itself has  
    plighted.

The whole world's victory dwells in that heard  
    splendor,  
    The end attained for which the Movement  
    yearns,  
And we, made part of it and tranced attender,  
    Know with what purpose all great feeling burns.

Which is the true and which the permanent real,  
    The daily pageant fleeting past our eyes,  
Or this ascent and mixture with the ideal,  
    Whereinto he best lives who deepest dies ?

Yea, song is more than we who love and hear it,  
    And life is greater than the hours that fly,  
And music-winged we ever speed more near it,  
    The dream that larger is than earth or sky.

GOETHE.



## GOETHE.

### I.

**I**NTIMATE strength of the mist-veiled beginning,

Will-winged purpose whose measureless flight  
Past life's pain and the failure of sinning  
Seeks the high goal beyond hearing or sight,  
Into your passion of hope and attainment,  
Into your speed and glory of light,  
I would be borne and whither the gain went  
Follow and see the City arise  
Answering the glow of Eternity's skies.  
Far off I hear the dim-toned murmur,  
Song that began before Time was,  
Growing each breath more gracious and firmer,  
Clear with the bliss, its parent and cause,  
Song that has ever been deed and achievement,  
Heart of the labors that built up for man  
Wondrous release from the bond and bereavement  
That mocked the gropings of tribe and of clan,  
From the good gods poured forth and descended,  
Soul of the victory certain to be,  
Heaven and earth mysteriously blended

In one wide-wandering harmony.  
Ever the voice of the Noble has sounded  
Through the large reaches of vanishing Time,  
Ever the Hope been promised and grounded  
In the sun-mastered and permanent clime.  
Through the vague glooms of the Fate that allured  
him,  
Through the chill night of defeat and despair,  
Song has arisen on man and assured him  
Somewhere beyond was the light-swathèd air.  
Around him has always a mystical region been  
woven,  
Fashioned of tones from the poet-struck lyre,  
Always the winds have been severed and cloven  
By the shaped music of the deathless desire.  
World of the singers, immortal, eternal,  
World of the spirit that flashes the clearer,  
Changeless in change, divinely completed and  
vernal,  
Truer than of old and passionately nearer,  
We would partake of your marvellous blisses,  
World that is closer and dearer than this is.  
Forth from our strange and growing forgetfulness,  
Forth from the noises that laugh and deride you,  
Forth from the bitter regretfulness  
Wherein we are bound because of the many who  
denied you,  
We fleet and again the transfiguring Ideal  
Lifts its white walls around and before us,  
Taking to itself the splendor-crowned real,  
Bringing us peace and new calm to restore us.

## II.

What is the secret that has ever been ringing,  
Through the wide air since the world was young ?  
Hearken ! Afar the glad thrilling singing  
From the dim depths of the mystery sprung !  
Yea, the mighty and manifold witnesses  
Speak the same message in many a tongue,  
Bend the same truth with soft yielding fitnesses  
Unto the heart with questionings wrung ;  
And though to-day the duller-brained scoffer  
Scorns the clear music as aimless and cold,  
Yet be assured from the infinite coffer  
Grandeurs are taken just as of old.  
Poesy now as in days long ended  
Points to the realm that is freed from Time's chains,  
One with deep thought that has purely trans-  
cended  
Earth and her ever mutable gains.  
Into that region I venture to enter,  
Commune there with those who have been  
Guide to all men and heaven-sent mentor  
On the way upward we are striving to win.  
Faint though the words I utter before men,  
Yet am I certain they fell from the lips  
Strongest of those who have lived to restore men  
Out of the night we walk and eclipse,  
Him of old Greece, and the dark-browed Italian,  
England's great master, all-grasping and bold,  
Bringing each in his swift-sailing galleon  
Untold treasures of spiritual gold.

Take therefrom and their hands that proffer  
Jewelled leaves for his serene brow,  
Latest of angels, whose subtle dreams offer  
Latest of lights on the paths we tread now.

## III.

Deep as the encircling flood of the self-returning  
ocean,  
Holding the earth in embrace, perfumed and  
large and strong,  
Calm in many-colored resplendence and fierce in  
commotion,  
Life-giving ever and source passioned of pulses  
that long  
Still to behold arise the nobler and loftier frui-  
tions,  
Where the ideals may dwell secure from sorrow  
and wrong,  
Sea up-bearing the ships full-freighted of hopes  
and their missions,  
Out of the mist-clad eld sweeps the impetuous  
song,  
Song of the hero holding the half-formed world in  
his eager  
Purposeful grasp that moulds fair to the race's  
behoof,  
Bastioned towers of the soul against the strengths  
that beleaguer,  
Rising dim Nature above, holding grim Night  
aloof.



Freest and joyfullest of voices, filled with the  
mirth of the morning,  
Part of the life that is, life that has overcome  
death,  
Thorough this land of ours and dreams that leap  
past the scorning  
Pour the glow of your life-kindling service and  
breath.  
Once more on the high quest we move not east-  
ward but westward,  
Western realm of the east, home of the gods and  
sun,  
Winning the heavenly beauty and passing evermore  
blestward,  
Toiling through day and through night till the  
vast work be done.  
Herald you of the march of the nations and des-  
tiny-forecaster,  
Pointing the way unto men, knowing the far-  
gleaming goal,  
Wisdom-gatherer and giant of laughter and clear-  
eyed master,  
Bringing as gift to the free life that is lovely and  
whole.  
Far across the weary centuries' tumult and anguish  
Back we turn unto you, light's deep essence and  
heart,  
Rousing our hearts from the fears wherewith we  
are burthened and languish,  
Bathing ourselves in you, fountain of beauty and  
art,

Knowing your hand will help us to weave the  
crown and the laurel  
Made for your brother and peer, one of the lofty  
line,  
Poets and sceptred kings whose words are the force  
and the moral  
Wherewith the earth is glad, wherewith her pure  
eyes shine.

## IV.

And lo ! the lord of Spirit's wondrous regions,  
The deeper glories and the inner splendor,  
The ecstacies that rise in golden legions  
Before the suffering-cleansed and strong-souled  
wender  
Through the new lands ; he voices these divinely,  
And the result that is the act's attender  
He urges ever on the hearts who bend supinely  
In passion's onslaught, and the tense confession  
That brings the sun looking forth more benignly  
After the tempest's horror and obsession.  
The steep descent shows love behind its  
glamour,  
And freedom knows from a superb repression  
How darkness grows self-conqueror and tamer ;  
Lo ! upward leads the star-watched mountain  
singing  
Where blame becomes its own relief and blamer,

And strenuous wisdom speeds and smiles in  
bringing  
Message from life's last peak and light-veiled in-  
most ;  
Then gazing on those soft strong eyes and  
clinging,

Flight to the Rose where they are chief and win  
most  
Who have been least amid earth's weary pastime !  
Seer of the Hope whose strengthening rule has  
been most

Longed for throughout all History's spiring vast  
time,  
When the Achievement shines in its best glory  
That was at first and shall be in the last time,

What you beheld from your high promontory,  
The Empire and the Church in joy united,  
We all shall know as purport of the story,

And on the earth delighting and delighted  
The twain shall be as those whom love has plighted.

## v.

Forth from the Spirit and again to earthward,  
Leaps the great art that took for its domain  
All forms of action and sped ever mirthward  
From its own visions of fierce woe and pain.  
Bold kings and lords and ladies fair and golden,

Creatures of air and those whose homes are  
    flowers,  
The passions mad of ages past and olden,  
    The clear delights of woven forest bowers,  
Are born anew into the song's high clangor,  
    And every deed is more because the soul  
That pours itself into its joy or anger  
    Seems gifted with the largeness of the whole.  
So one man is the sphere's compeer and equal,  
Life's total self complete and its own sequel.

No builder he of fancies ; deep and serious,  
    Amid the pomp and very revelry,  
The sovereignty of justice grand, imperious,  
    Shows what life's movement must forever be.  
The victory of Right amid the direful  
    Conflict of rights, rooted, it seemed, as rock  
Fronting the sea's upheave condign and ireful,  
    The storm's dense-clouded and impetuous shock,  
Held his gaze fixed and firm ; and on his vision  
    The sunset peace that comes to spirit glad  
With conquest of itself and just decision  
    How dear the fate its blest remorse has had ;  
All earth's contents and furies made resplendent  
Since seen Eternity's friend and close attendant.

## VI.

Past are the ages  
Rejoicing in rages  
Of storm and battle

And thunder-rattle  
Of conflict fierce and pale ;  
Now peace elater,  
Despair-dissipater,  
Grander and greater,  
Calms passion and wail.  
Hear the world calling  
In accents enthralling  
On the miracle-worker,  
Exórcist and King  
Of the darkness-lurker,  
The weirdly menacing  
Destroyer and slayer  
Of hopes that are fairest  
And dreams that are rarest.  
Master and player  
On harp that rings clearly  
With message that trances  
The listener sheerly  
In wide-reaching glances  
And sun-woven visions  
Driving derisions  
Like clouds from its pathway,  
He comes and the thunder,  
Over and under,  
Of morning and glory  
Rolls down Night's wrath-way,  
And renewed is the story  
Of joy and success  
And the strength that must bless.  
The new world arises,

The peace-world and labor,  
The love of the neighbor,  
The end of the night time,  
The death of disguises.  
Heard are the voices  
Whose spirit rejoices,  
Spirit of the bright time,  
And the white morrow  
Makes flee the sorrow  
Of scorn and passion  
In miraculous fashion,  
Of falchion and armor,  
Of craft, the old harmer.  
He comes, the dispeller  
And fate-compeller.  
Vanish glooms that darken,  
Vanish helmet and morion,  
Hearken, oh, hearken,  
We see him and hear him,  
We watch and we near him,  
The true Euphorion—Euphorion !

## VII.

He was the true man  
Freedom-awakened,  
He was the new man  
With thirst unslakened  
For the great dreams from the bright skies pouring,  
Skies of the Future  
Whose higher concavities

Rose over the past and its many depravities  
With loftier divinities for nobler adoring,  
And joining with suture,  
Marvellous and golden,  
Worships to be and those that were olden.  
And first the time-hallowed barriers,  
Soul-wounding and harriers,  
He spurned from before his ways  
And the woes which they bore his days.  
No limits should be for him  
Save those which he made,  
No alien eyes see for him  
The truths in their braid  
Of light-woven mystery  
Under flaming all life and the movement of history.  
Heaven-scaling his ardor and fire  
And quenchless the force and the flight of desire,  
Till on that grim night shone forth the sun  
And his earliest labor was done,  
For he saw that the unending rigor  
Of Freedom lay in obedience and vigor.  
Then his heart leaped forth to the spirit that stole  
Through natural forms, through night and through  
day,  
Forever attaining its purpose and goal,  
And then speeding onward and still away.  
The web of the veil  
Wherein stars are robed  
He tore and sundered,  
And the silver far gleaming garment and mail  
Within which planets are globed

Knew its secret discovered and wondered.  
The rocks and the flowers,  
The teeming miracle of life,  
The splendors arisen from tumult and strife,  
The ceaseless toil of the procreant hours,  
His swift thought tracked and he knew the rhyme  
Which is the controlling purport of time.

## VIII.

The fierce and impassionate eyes of swift youth  
forever are blinded  
By search for love and its beauty, eager and full  
of haste,  
The world of the morning gleams gold to the rest-  
less and myriad minded,  
The softly uprolling mists hide hollow afar and  
waste.  
Those eyes are filled with strange fire and give  
everything for dower  
A glory and glow that seem of more worth than  
all else beside,  
The phantasm of life arises whose lingering magical  
power  
Fleets slow as a dream which the heart would  
cling to and not be denied.  
Forth from these shows of the senses and out of  
these moods that hold us,  
Wandering within a maze of flower and river and  
hill,  
Strange potent enchantments that lure and wizard  
joys that enfold us,



Making our souls but a plaything and fettering  
our purposeless will,  
Hard are the sinuous pathways and weary-footed  
to follow,  
Cold grows the ether around us, and lonesomer  
far the height,  
Where our own voices grow alien, our words sound  
distant and hollow,  
And the high sun showers forth a warmthless  
dislumined light.  
Yet over the difficult steeps and through the strait  
mountain passes  
Winds the long search for the plain where the  
true fatherland shines,  
Sweeter then ever before and deep with the wind-  
swept grasses,  
Lovely and subtle and clear, fresh with the per-  
fume of pines.  
And lo ! the truth is around us, our eyes are freed  
from illusion,  
All we have lost is there, friend and lover and  
hope,  
Weak and pulseless and faint seems the vehement  
storm-winged confusion  
Against which once on a time we had found it so  
hard to cope.  
Now every toil is sweet, now we are ruler and  
master,  
Now we are ready to bow in the fine reverences  
three,  
And the swift flight of time, hurtling on fast and  
yet faster,

Gives up its innermost soul pure of its darkness  
and free.  
You have we followed, O Poet, and wondrous  
weaver of stories,  
You who have fathomed and known every wild  
change of the way,  
All its shadows and glooms, its reaches and out-  
looks and glories,  
And after the leaden-houred night the burst of  
the golden day.

## IX.

Who shall say the past has perished, who shall say  
that Greece is dead ?  
Nay, as living as the present, ancient thought with  
ours is wed.  
Backward fleets the sleepless longing, sees the  
subtly moulded beauty,  
Gods of everlasting laughter, joyance lord of life  
and duty,  
From the effort and the struggle, from the labor  
yet unfinished,  
Backward to the task completed, art that lives yet  
undiminished.  
As we now are groping, searching, hoping for the  
exaltation,  
He too sought from toils barbaric bright and happy  
liberation.  
Can we then slip off the garment woven by the  
strong time-spirit,

Know again the young Apollo, seek his splendor  
and dwell near it ?  
All this Gothic grotesque clamor leave for serene  
morning song  
Dropping from the very heavens, silver clear and  
wondrous strong ?  
He rejoiced in the achievement, brought to life the  
buried treasure,  
Felt again the ancient sorrow, knew again the  
ancient pleasure,  
Heard the priestess speak in Tauris words of cheer,  
divine consolement,  
And the furies fled defeated subject to love's high  
controlment,  
Deeper sought in strangest caverns secrets whose  
command embraces  
History's every onward movement, worlds that  
dwell in variant spaces,  
Found the realm of the Idea, fountain of the lives  
divisive,  
Showering fates that rouse the peoples, bringing  
ills to scorn derisive,  
And by many a winding pathway sought the clue  
and surely found it  
Which led back restored Helen, beauty and the  
glow around it,  
Art and splendor re-created, nobleness reclothed in  
form,  
Half more than the overwholeness, moderation  
after storm,  
Classic, crystalline and finished, poems statue-like  
and pure,

Thoughts as round as singing planets fixed in words  
that must endure,  
Being fashioned in such manner that their substance is eternal,  
All their elements free from weakness, perfect-colored, perfumed, vernal.  
Yet not here the climbing spirit can find peace nor long make pauses,  
Leaping over loveliest limits, onward pressed by deepest causes,  
Not with truths that shine resplendent in a realm of sharp exclusion,  
But the energy that can master shifting hosts of dire confusion,  
Hold them bound by strong devices, make them take the bit and harness,  
Drive through charm of gardened nearness, sweep through mystery of farness,  
Form as thought self-balanced, moulded, ocean-lustrous and sonorous,  
Goth and Greek at last united, gift the greatest Time yet bore us.

## x.

Whither may the flight of the spirit be taken ?  
Lo ! it arises higher and higher,  
Spurning the ground ; its melodies waken  
Girt by the morning's enveloping fire.  
What is beyond there  
In the clear blueness ?

Tree of life lifting a wind-swayed frond there,  
Growth into ever more heavenly newness ?  
Or is the void in that luring dim distance,  
And sheer defeat the end of existence,  
Closing around us  
Limitless limits that bound us,  
The unvoiced realm of the Mystic Unknowable  
Where Thought cannot be and no seed is sowable ?  
Nay, do you hear him mocking behind you ?  
Now he comes forth with leer and with sneer ;  
This is the fate that the years have designed you,  
Darkness incarnate is palpably near.  
Now for the grapple  
With bated breath !  
Who wins the apple  
Of life and of death ?  
This is the field where the battle is keenest,  
This is the day that must surely be won,  
Victory here wears laurel the greenest,  
Now shall the deed for the whole world be done.  
We join them in the weary search  
And leave behind the home and church,  
The impetuous impulse and the daring  
We two can feel burning and bearing  
Our very souls into that longing  
Struggling past pain and all its wronging.  
Ah, how the agony tears and shatters,  
Ah, how the will o' the wisp fleets and flatters !  
Yet he who ever strives must find exemption,  
And sorrow work its own redemption.  
Hark ! the voice of Margaret calling

Down from the heights of pardon falling !  
Over the mountain fell and past re-awakened  
Greece  
The journey speeds to find release ;  
And there beside the deep-toned sea,  
Forth from the wave emerges all that is to be,  
Love, being conqueror, brings the deed, the vision,  
ecstasies,  
And servant held forever downward sinks dark  
Mephistopheles.

## XI.

He only wins his freedom truly,  
Who daily wins it fresh and fair,  
He only ever rises newly  
Into the regions of the purer air  
Who falters not for blame nor praise,  
But lives in strenuous and victorious days.  
Past the times that bore and held him  
Looked the gray poet with his quenchless gaze,  
Some dear vision hovered and compelled him  
Toward the Future's sunnier ways.  
Over the ocean's welter westward  
Sped his hope and strengthening thought,  
Where each tenth wave rolled higher to crestward  
Even as Fate rose nobler wrought.  
You, O prairied land Hesperian,  
Better than older continents,  
Will know to gather fire  
From the empyrean's strong desire,

And souled with the passion once Iberian,  
Show forth the life to which all Time consents.  
From the verge and lofty highland  
Where the aged poet stood,  
Past fair France and England's white-cliffed island,  
In his last prophetic mood,  
Hitherwards he turned and brightened  
With the young land Freedom-lightened,  
Hope's superbest dedication  
Of each part unto the Whole's high consecration.  
Here shall be song for him,  
Here shall prolong for him  
All his high music the musical deed,  
Mystery banishing  
With dark clouds vanishing,  
Onwards to lead ;  
Love pure, etherial,  
Master and King,  
Power crowned, imperial,  
Victory must bring,  
Glad to beseech of us  
Gentleness, strength,  
Showing to each of us  
Heaven at length !

## REVELATION.

THE booming bee, the wild, bold rover,  
    Flutters from roses white to red,  
Now pauses, and then floats quite over  
    The breeze-bent flower bed ;  
The silence doubles his deep voice,  
And both are but one tune—*rejoice !*

The ripples fleet across the river,  
    Imprisoning the fiery gold  
Which the high sun, unstinting giver,  
    Into their cells has rolled ;  
And all their lucence speaks and tells  
Of miracles and pleasure spells.

I gaze into the sky's deep mystery,  
    That circle of unfathomed blue,  
That orb wherein all Time's vague history  
    Finds secret record due,  
And lo ! throughout its luminous rings  
All rapture's sunshine thrills and sings !



DANTE.



DANTE.

WITHIN these latter years from all the sky  
Thunder the trumpets of increasing storm ;  
Dark shadows on the earth and waters lie,  
And flickering tongues, whose messages deform  
The languid, lingering hope,  
Across the welkin's slope  
Flash in sharp lightnings of a mocking glee  
At man's defeat and thought's deep misery.

Why linger in the regions dolorous  
Where path is none, and we who trod before  
Grew gaunt with dreams, that beckoned us  
To follow where the cloudy height was more  
Engirt in heavier night,  
And all the uncertain light  
Shone but our faltering footsteps to deceive  
And our worn hearts of their last hope bereave.

For in that valley wondrous sirens sung,  
And in the heavens we saw the city's spires  
Whereto our rising hopes leaped forth and clung,  
And on the chaos of our young desires  
A harmonizing strain  
Fell, and in its dear chain

Bound us transformed, until we seemed to reach  
A being's ecstasy past thought or speech.

But these were dreams (men said), and one by one  
They faded, and the sun-deserted air  
Shuddered above the landscape, and to shun  
Its barren desolation and despair  
Became an impulse strong  
To bear us swift along  
The stream whereon the many move and float  
And strive to still their soul's supremest note.

Sometimes like ghosts the vanished visions came  
And floated past our half-forgetting eyes,  
Robed in the light, sad-changed, but still the same  
As when they gave to morn a new surprise  
Of fire beyond its fire,  
And the suppressed desire  
Moved in its tomb for a brief moment's space,  
And half disclosed once more its youthful face.

Nay, we have not escaped the general gloom,  
For through the realm wherein our hours are  
past  
Mutter the thunders of the bolts of doom,  
And all our joy into the abyss is cast  
Whereto our loftiest thought  
Or vision noblest wrought  
Is swept by winds that howl and madly blow  
Around each spot where our slow steps must go.

Harken the voices which are our despair,  
    Their tones are myriad, but their message one ;  
“ Ye cannot know ; your hopes are vague as air ;  
    With this life's briefest span, the whole is done ;  
        The self, than prison-walls  
        Mightier, the soul enthralls ;  
The Mystery engirds you and the Unknown  
Enfolds you round, silent as senseless stone.

“ The gods are frailest visions of the night  
    Wherein the peoples wandered ere arose  
The sun beneath whose fierce transfiguring light  
    Our march of world-dominion onward goes ;  
        The sun whose sense is this,  
        That nothing truly is,  
That having eyes to see we cannot see,  
And having being yet we cannot be.

“ The words miraculous of the sages dead,  
    The golden splendors that enchained their  
        souls,  
The dreams wherein the earth and heaven were  
    wed,  
    The flight of joy to being's utmost pole,  
    All these are vain and weak  
    And realms where men who seek  
Find but themselves like mighty shadows cast  
Upon a mountain pathway overpast.

“ The earth is all, the ceaseless whirl and toss  
    Of soulless atoms in their changing play ;

Yet these we know not, for we cannot cross  
The barriers which themselves did round us  
lay ;  
Our life is only pain,  
Whose utmost hope and strain  
Avail no more than bid us yield its breath  
Unto the voiceless void of rest and death."

While thus we walked, clad in our dark dismay,  
Comfort (we heard) waited us from afar,  
Messages from the golden break of day,  
And accents of a more benignant star,  
Voices with power to bring  
Light as an offering,  
And showing water-springs and secret wells  
Where health resides and consolation dwells.

We listened to the wonder-freighted words,  
And on our souls a latter morning broke,  
All our rapt thoughts began to sing as birds  
That feel the spring within their limbs awoke,  
And the tumultuous brood  
Who had given us night for food  
Sullenly sought their lairs within the abyss  
And fouled no more our life's increasing bliss.

Our steps were led to the long-famed domain  
Where ruled the austere and mighty Floren-  
tine,  
Whose mazes we had trod and long been fain  
To know the purport of its bliss and sin,

The secret deep to read  
In our most direful need  
Of splendor there on loftiest peaks that shone  
And songs that floated pure of pain and moan.

As by a magic touch the realm lay clear,  
The dark descent we saw upheld by love,  
And one by one our every doubt and fear  
Melted in radiance falling from above ;  
The gloomy vale of Dis  
We trod, and after this  
The strange and melancholy way that leads  
To the Mount of Healing's green and singing  
meads.

We climbed that Mount where pain is held and  
sought  
As expiation of the luckless deed,  
We heard the hymns of deep contrition wrought,  
We saw the stars that glowed for each one's  
need,  
We felt the mountain thrill  
And knew some happier will  
Had found release from its long-harbored grief  
And in the Heavens its fit and sure relief.

Learning we followed as our large-eyed guide,  
Empire and Might derived of natural things,  
The Master of the Ancients who denied  
Nought to our askings in the limitings  
That circled him as law,

And after him we saw  
Descend for us from Heaven's most central rose  
Those eyes wherein all Godhead shines and glows.

O wondrous maiden, Thought divine and high,  
Miracle and Will of God for our behoof,  
O voice serene within whose potency lie  
Death and dismay for all keeps us aloof  
From Heaven's divinest shrine,  
Our souls are wholly thine ;  
Lo ! where thou leadst we follow thee and gain  
The ultimate vision and the farthest plain.

Past the high Heavens, and in the Blessed Rose,  
Before the Throne and Glory of pure Light,  
Loving as He who loves and as who knows  
The All in one supreme of love and sight,  
We worship and adore,  
We shall not wander more,  
But, our great journeyings done and overtrod,  
Mix and participate in very God.



PROTAGORAS.

FEAR, fear? After we know the very worst,  
What lower deep can yawn or gloom for us?  
Grown dull because we have so long been nurst  
In dreams both merciless and marvellous,  
We dare not look upon the simple truth,  
But vex ourselves about realms sad or glad,  
And wonder whether God is merely ruth,  
Or if perchance He is capricious-mad.  
Deign not to fear, much less descend to hope,  
Within you lies the measure of the all,  
Sound but the deeps of your own soul and scope,  
And nothing further can your life befall,  
So much beyond the whole of bliss and pain  
Is that which makes the strength of these and  
strain.



PLATO.



## PLATO.

### 1.

THE imperious centuries pass and bear  
Unto the vast abyss  
The works diverse we deemed most fair,  
The builded realms of state and law  
That held our utmost awe,  
Miraculous forms of worships old  
Now grown as their own prophets cold,  
Hopes sunlit with the impassioned bliss  
Of reaching worlds more bright than this,  
Songs that arose on sweep sublime  
And challenged issue with old Time,  
Dreams that for earthly dwelling-place  
Wrought shapes of a supernal grace,  
For strangely in them lurked the flaw  
Which brought their fall and overthrow,  
The years that all their beauty saw  
Knew the slow-dealing blow on blow  
That laid them low.

### 11.

Adown the never-pausing river,  
Out to the shoreless, tumbling seas,  
From under skies wherein the clear light-giver

Watches the life of men and flocks and trees,  
Forth to the dark realm of the Past  
Float all high things at last.  
The serene stars that blaze  
Across the enraptured gaze  
Had their beginnings and will cease  
From scattering light's increase.  
What is of might to rise and say  
Unto the wide impermanence,  
I know thine origin and whence  
The potency of thy nay ;  
I hold thee as a king his realm,  
And thou art weak to overwhelm  
With thy large waves of ruin dire  
The achievements of my strong desire.  
Have human searchings found the path  
That leads from regions transitory  
To life that for its guerdon hath  
The splendor and the glory,  
Which knows but change from self to self, and  
                    grows  
By its own death more full of light,  
The light of life that glows  
In God's own sight ?

## III.

Hard is the steep to climb,  
And many have sought and lost ;  
Many have hearkened to the voice of Time,  
And waited while the vision crost

Their blinded eyeballs, and in weak despair  
Have called upon the unechoing air  
To make response to the stern anguish  
Wherein their self-dazed longings languish.  
Nay, they have cried, we cannot tell  
The secret of the miracle ;  
The painted veil is lifted never,  
The things we see are strong to sever  
Our hearts from feeling answering heat  
From world-heart's great impetuous beat ;  
Fettered we sit within the cave,  
And watch the shadows fleet,  
Nor is there might to save,  
Unless like rays upgathered back into the sun,  
Our Thought, resorbed into the Eternal One,  
Falters from height of differenced life,  
And freed from strife,  
Sinks deep into the silence golden  
Wherein the Unknown God is holden.  
Far knowledge is but of the things we see,  
And frail as wind-swept clouds are we ;  
Children of the unenduring hour,  
And circled by Time's pageant vain,  
We cannot be, and yet attain  
Unto that conscious grasp of all  
Which holds our deepest hopes in thrall,  
And gives our separate souls the immortal power  
Of high conjuncture with the God for dower.

## IV.

Not such thy message, sovereign of the ancient  
world,  
Thou whose swift soul arose  
Above the line of snows,  
And, through the vapors dusky curled  
Above the changeful and the fugitive,  
Saw'st the clear net-work of the thoughts that live,  
Saw'st the Idea pierce and gild  
The realms the passions build ;  
The siren music of the sense  
Lulled not thy sleepless vigor into indolence ;  
Akin unto the far divine,  
Born into time but bound not by its chains,  
Knowing the mystic countersign  
Which opes the Heaven's utmost plains,  
Like thine own hero, the Pamphylian,  
Thou heard'st the singing of the spheres,  
And earthward cam'st for a brief span  
To break our bondage of vague fears,  
To liberate the prisoned soul,  
To show the vision of the whole,  
Which makes and is such visioning,  
The wandering heart once more to bring  
To that great splendor which the seeress knew  
As Love's deep secret, and the power which drew  
Men upward to the service high  
Of the Eternal Goodness past the sky,  
The temple of the Spirit whose effulgence glows  
The Universe's all-illumining Rose.



## v.

Finder of the serene and permanent,  
Beholder and the vision blent  
In the ideas whose enweavings keep  
Regnance on Time's utmost leap,  
The wondrous union where the deed and might  
Converge in one transcendent light,  
Intrepid sailor of all seas of thought,  
Whose fearless eyes swept all the skies,  
Whose ventures mystic cargoes brought  
From the farthest realm that brilliant lies  
Beneath the hand of the unenvying God,  
Yea, thou to whom the near was far,  
Who read'st the marvel of the sod  
As secret of the distant star,  
Torch-bearer in the race of Truth,  
And winner of immortal youth,  
Slayer of time, the serpent curled  
About the ancient melancholy world,  
What lamp of what great sphere of life shone not  
for thee,  
What dwelling of what sacred Gods knew not the  
wing  
Of thy keen spirit's flight, what angel's voice, that  
rang  
With message from the isles in the dim western  
sea,  
Solicited not thine unswerving soul,  
What music's thunder-roll,  
Mixture ecstatic of the spherul throng

That weave life's wonder-song,  
Received not from thy heart  
More than its noblest inmost part ?

## VI.

Mightiest of realms, the source and end  
Of all that is or is to be,  
World of ideas, which the souls who see  
Know as the goal whereto must wend  
All streams of will or hope or thought,  
Truth most divinely wrought  
Into such self-evoked and complete perfectness  
That without haste or stress  
Thine images flow forth from thine embrace,  
And mirror back thy calm supernal face,  
(For the high strength unenvious  
Can only know his fulness thus)  
Deep heart of love whose pure controls  
Span the far reach of utmost poles,  
Enwoven maze of clear intelligential powers  
Bound into sheaves of unimagined flowers,  
Flowers that are lands for searching souls,  
Where rise the many-gleaming knolls  
From whence far valleys shine and wind  
Responsive to the eyes of perceant mind  
Aflame to know the just and true,  
And find the skies, forever blue,  
Sphere wonderful of thought eterne,  
To which all joy and ardor yearn,

Unto thy portals first the wizard dreams  
Of the philosopher of hope-winged Greece,  
Plato, our master, King of peace,  
Sailor upon the wide-encircling streams  
That are the secret passage-ways  
Leading to thine all-golden days,  
Plato, the seer and winner of life's high emprise,  
The royal-fronted, with deep solemn eyes,  
The golden dreams of his desire  
Unto thy gates and past the space of fire  
Brought the astonished speed of those  
Who into mixture with thy purity arose.  
Faint lands shown tremblingly in pallid light  
Upon their slowly-comprehending sight ;  
The soft-illuminated lakes and lawns  
Glittered beneath pearl-shimmering dawns ;  
Vapors in snowy languid curls  
Hung over hill-protected vales,  
And where the sacred mid unfurls  
The city in the distance pales.  
Lo ! unto those who dare to see,  
And rouse them from the lethargy  
The numbing life of earth builds round the soul,  
There comes the noble vision of the whole ;  
For vales and streams and cities clear  
Are symbols but of truths more near  
The centre, and the dreams of heaven  
Rising through light-clothed gyres from height to  
height  
In glories cancelling the force of sight,  
Until the holy leaven

Of transformation makes the spirit kin  
Unto what is and has forever been,  
Are also but much-trodden ways  
To deeper God-born days.  
The undeviating eye  
Beholds at last the secret of the sky :  
Vast forms of certain permanence,  
The reason of all whither and all whence,  
The origin and the end of things,  
The fountain which forever leaps and sings.  
The realm of the eternal rises clear,  
The interwoven crownèd potencies,  
The shine of the ideas, their own light,  
And spring of sovereign, changeless bliss,  
The mystery of the far and near ;  
These are the gods gigantic of the elder times  
That rule all periods and all climes,  
That dispossess the phantoms of old Night,  
And are the inmost of just life and sight.  
They weave their ordered progress in the fire  
Of the supreme and purged desire.  
Their vastness interpenetrates  
Their substance individual,  
And their great glory undulates  
In unison to the regent thrall  
Of one engirding lucence, whose deep glow  
Transfigures all who are and know,  
Being topmost flame of hope and love,  
All nobleness above,  
The centre of the blessed power  
Whence bursts the Universe in flower,

Himself the flower and root and source,  
Where all streams find their mingling course,  
The One Eternal, Good, and Fair,  
Who can and must all acts in his own bosom bear.

## VII.

Like rays emergent from the sun,  
Like notes dispersing from the singer's lips,  
Like leaves unfolding when the snow is done,  
Like foam back-leaping from wave-cleaving ships,  
Like speech dividing viewless breath,  
Or drops wherewith the rain-cloud drips,  
Lo ! as the One his clear word saith,  
The region of the many blooms at length  
And burns and flames with delegated strength.  
Dark space bursts forth in wheeling stars  
Outridden on their sightless cars ;  
The sea divides before the many colored land,  
The skies above the woods and meadows stand ;  
The winds sweep from the farthest verge  
Of Heaven, and all their murmurs urge  
The might of Time to loftier reach  
Of act and song and speech ;  
The hollows of the rocks are swift to learn  
The eagerness with which the new worlds yearn ;  
The thrill of movement sweeps and sings  
Across the Universe's outstretched strings ;  
The splendor tones upfill the void  
With music only souls may hear,  
Who past the limits of base fear

And by no faintest tremor yet annoyed  
Are as the waters clear  
To lights that change nor veer.  
In ordered numbers move and fleet  
The myriad pulse and beat  
Of wide existence's up-leaping flame ;  
No tongue may rightly name  
The tumult and the stress  
Of crescent loveliness ;  
The gods celestial with a clear geometry  
Build up whatso we know and see ;  
The fashioning of the world proceeds and grows  
With fire and light and dusk and snows ;  
Strange contraries divide and roll  
Back under one control ;  
Frail atoms dance a slender round  
To tune most sweet of scarce-heard sound ;  
Pale blossoms gleam amid light leaves  
And earth her garb around her weaves ;  
The air is glad with rush of wings,  
And everywhere new rapture springs ;  
The unapparent dreams of the high gods  
Find language in the stars and blooms and sods ;  
Proportion holds the world in thrall,  
Blends into one the unnumbered all,  
And 'mid the wanton whirl and toss  
Gathers up rays of light and thought,  
And with a passioned bliss is wrought,  
Where the great currents join and cross,  
The image of the mighty whole,  
The centred and self-mastering soul.

## VIII.

For thee, O soul, the spectacle converges,  
For thee the morning lifts the blaze  
That startles clouds with gold amaze ;  
Around thee life conveys and urges  
All fair sights and wonder-sounds,  
Music falling soft as petals  
From a rose's velvet bounds,  
Soft as mist that dimly settles  
On an island half-descried  
In a bay's expanses wide ;  
An orb of potence thou dost dwell  
In mid and heart of the vast miracle ;  
Forth of thee the silver rays  
Speed of a mysterious fire,  
Binding to thine each desire  
What thou wouldst of the revolving maze ;  
Round thy rapid chariot wheels  
All the pageant flows and glows,  
Thou the monarch and the master,  
Thou the elder and the sire ;  
On thine ear the distant peals  
Fall of bells from summit where  
Shadows flee the sunrise faster,  
Where the gods above the snows  
Shine in calmer, clearer air.  
Thou art of their kin and race,  
Ruler of large time and space ;  
They thy guardians are and friends  
Leading thee to purest ends ;

Circle of their hands rains influence  
Through the vapors dull and dense,  
Which are vain to separate  
Thee and thy benignant fate ;  
The ancient mother of the sky and earth,  
Goddess high, superb, serene,  
Joyously presided at thy birth,  
Wove for thee the temporal screen  
That is for thy severed growth,  
Yet conjoins thee close with both  
Heaven, and earth's severer plane,  
Which to conquer makes thee fain  
Of the loftier changeless gain.  
Wisdom of the universe,  
Strength of stars and might of sun,  
In thee once again are spun  
To a life which can disburse  
Wealth of unifying power  
To the many from its dower.  
Lo ! the mighty spiritual world  
In thy being lies up-furled ;  
Brothers thou beholdest around thee,  
Lives like thine allure, surround thee.  
Thou wouldst build the general doom  
Exorcising night and gloom ;  
Thou unitest joy and thought,  
And the universal State is wrought,  
History's secret and endeavor,  
Birth of Now and the Forever,  
Immortality clothed in Time,  
Spirit found, achieved, sublime.



## IX.

Yet further, nobler, draws thee on,  
Whither the highest and the best have gone ;  
The will unanimous of men  
Opens fields of more transpicuous ken ;  
Higher flights the soul uplift,  
God's supreme and final gift ;  
Beauty is the magic lure  
Which leads man forth to what must still endure.  
He cannot halt upon the path  
Which a beyond reveals and hath ;  
He follows on from peak to peak,  
He burns with bliss to know and seek ;  
The mountain-stairs of high endeavor  
He treads and climbs and scales forever ;  
New glory rises round him still  
And spurs his unabated will ;  
As veil by veil the clouds of dawn  
Vanish with the growing sun,  
Now disclosing vale and lawn,  
Sights far-reaching, never done,  
Thus vision gives to vision place,  
Nobler and more full of glow,  
Till the heart of all above, below,  
Shines the Everlasting Face,  
Shines the all-embracing Good,  
Heart of hearts and love of love,  
Source of soul's unchanging mood,  
Bliss of all below, above.  
As two fair stars perchance unite

Into a deeper and more solemn light,  
Wondrous amity intense,  
All delights of soul condense  
On the summit where the twain  
Join in unrepining gain.  
As from the poet's conquering dream  
Flows in many-glittering stream  
Poem after poem splendid,  
And he walks by them attended,  
Good from good springs forth at length  
In the magnitude of strength,  
The attainment chief, serene, sublime,  
The height to which all souls must climb.

## X.

Master if my weak words wrong thee,  
Heavenly dweller as thou art,  
Thou wilt ease my burdened heart ;  
Thinkers, lovers, dreamers throng thee,  
Noblest offspring of the ages,  
Wisdom's deep-enamored sages ;  
If my feeble footsteps follow  
Where the greater went before me,  
If my song sounds faint and hollow,  
If I sought the land which bore thee,  
Dearest of its many sons,  
And the splendors spreading there  
Through that finer, keener air,  
Overcame my feebler sense,  
Thou wilt smile and bear me hence

From the pain my rapt soul shuns,  
Pain and fear lest thee I have not spoken  
As I would, or rashly way have broken  
Through the mists that clothe our being  
In this lower realm of touch and seeing ;  
Yea, I know that thou wilt smile,  
And forgive if e'er I spake  
Aught that dims thee for a while,  
All was done for thy high sake.  
My gaze turns upward and I see thy face  
Turned thronewards in the mid of heaven,  
Thy voice I hear for an ecstatic space,  
Uttering thy message sweet and high,  
Noble as aught the mystic seven  
Sang in the tales of elder time  
And woven oft in wondrous rhyme ;  
My slowly-gathering sight divines the seers,  
Thy followers and thy peers,  
Who stand besides thee and who vie  
With one another to repeat  
What thou dost tell of high and sweet.  
Thy great forerunners in the race,  
The bearded ones of ages cold,  
Shine in the illumination of thy grace,  
And in thy truth wax bold.  
The youths who heard thine earthly voice  
Look toward thee and rejoice ;  
Dreamers who fell upon the eras sad  
When right was hounded to the dusk  
Of caverns which hoar mountains had,  
And fed upon the weed and husk,

Feel all their sorrow fall from them  
Since they may touch thy garment's hem ;  
And seekers boldest earth has known,  
Now that her hair has whiter grown,  
Still call thee master and great King,  
Still hear thy sónorous sayings ring ;  
The swift years are thy children all,  
And from the distance, hark, we hear  
Yet larger voices on thee call,  
The times to be approach more near,  
And through the pageant as it goes,  
The secret of its life and rich success,  
The flame that through its motion glows,  
The truths benign that all its action bless,  
Lo ! they are thou, and thy deep word,  
Said in the paler past, too long deferred,  
But blossoming into sight and might at last,  
Old miseries done and overpast.

## XI.

And lo ! thy dreamed Atlantis from thy wars of old,  
Emerges new and shapelier of life ;  
Not all thine Athens, young and bold,  
Could lordlier march to nobler strife ;  
Sister unto thy strong democracy  
She rises from the western sea.  
In those dead wars thou knewst so well  
Before thy Greece her weapons fell ;  
Resurgent now she holds the helm  
That reaches out to the far-shining realm,

Sighted by thee, and with thy breath for wind,  
Sails forth unto the golden-fronted Ind.  
Whatever storms upon the way  
She sails unto that sun-drenched day ;  
Thou and thy peers from Heaven's own mid  
Guide her and help and bring her far,  
Leave not one secret of that pathway hid,  
Be leader unto her and star,  
Thou and the great who after thy career  
Shone in Truth's firmament,  
Great suns who cannot dim nor veer,  
Filled with the large intent  
Of God's own ministries in sky and earth,  
Protectors of Time's crescent worth.  
Atlantis, latest daughter fair,  
Breathing Freedom's heavenly air,  
Strongest sister of them all,  
Unto no baseness be thou thrall.  
Hear thou the thinker wise and great  
And build the ever-during state,  
Which raises all men to the height  
Of knowing Truth's undimming light,  
Which gives to each the encircling all,  
Crowning bliss of the terrestrial ball,  
Which brings to sight what the philosopher  
Felt in some further period must occur,  
The Ideal hoped for, now begun,  
And into undecaying fabric surely spun,  
Life's victory and the whole of thought  
To equal service of humanity brought !

## ORPHEUS.

WIDE-SPREAD as the gray sea the realm of  
fate

Lay in perpetual twilight ; weltering far  
Old Chaos rolled in bursting wave on wave  
And held the seeds of things ; an endless reach,  
A sphere of possibilities, a land  
Wherein eternal Ruin sat enthroned  
And the sweet world of life was not as yet ;  
From God dire Chaos came, for God is king,  
And out of his warm bosom also I.  
A mighty song I am, so loud, so pure,  
That God delights to hear, and wisest men  
Perceive its grandeur of rich melody  
Only in fragments high and pulsings glad ;  
But as I sing the roar of Chaos dies  
And, gradual joyance, subtle grasses sweep  
Across the new-formed plains, and in the East  
The rosy sunrise laughs, and Day is born.  
I sing, and lo ! the cloud-divided sky  
Domes its deep blue above the awakening world,  
And through the land long rivers roll away,  
And in the shadow of the untrodden woods  
The young birds sing frail echoes of my song ;

I lift my voice and the large rose shines forth,  
And sheds its soul upon the love-faint air,  
And fruit by fruit the latter trees droop low  
As in their wealth of leafage glow the stars  
That light green skies of autumn ; hark ! I sing ;  
The waters bind themselves in stilly lakes,  
Tree-edged and looking upward to the sun,  
And the brown deer stands on the flower-fringed  
brink

And drinking sees its shadow slim reach forth  
A soft-eyed greeting ; listen ! again my song ;  
And on the sea-shore rises swift and white  
The youthful city ; in the night the tower  
Sends down the air its lamp-lit messages ;  
Through the wide streets the busy many pour,  
The sturdy men, the women fair, and sweetest  
The little children laugh and play and laugh,  
The white-winged ships come in from the strange  
seas,

And bearded sailors bring the scented bales ;  
I sing and in the noonday twilights bright  
With fiery flowers and flicker of fair leaves,  
The lovers meet, and to mine ear comes back  
The charmful echo of my beating heart,  
For I am of the spirit of pure life,  
And life is love, the soul of God is love ;  
I give my voice a tremor, deepening, clear,  
The hearts of men are shaken, and they know  
A sound within them, and above, around,  
A music that is very self of me,  
Rising to life in them and spreading far,

Ruling all things and dreams and the long sweep  
Of crescent time that they call History.  
I hear myself at length, know what am I,  
What fluctuant murmurs of pure tones  
Build up my fabric, and how golden bright  
Are curves of joy that leap like nobler waves  
Across the sea-mass of my harmony.  
Now once again I flute with eager lips,  
And the steel spears of war snap sheer across,  
And every noise of contest falters slow  
Into a phrase of love and tender tune,  
And through the night of time a firm red glows  
That is the dawn of everlasting day.  
I trumpet forth at last my whole of song,  
The waiting hearts make answer with great joy,  
The mighty nations gladden, the ocean wide  
Circles the world with moving flames of glee,  
One flawless friendship robes the finished work,  
As his pure fire the ever-giving sun,  
Each centred soul co-equal with the whole,  
Untribed, unclassed, unmanacled, and free,  
Unto the realm of Spirit every eye  
Upraised and turned, the inmost heaven of heaven,  
The stainless source of all and end all light,  
Perfect the lovely song in everything,  
Clearly responsive to the song on high !



DAVID SWING.

THE engulfing night that clips the world around  
Has reason to rejoice ;  
The voicelessness that girds the realm of sound  
Receives another voice.

Whither our eager eyes can follow not  
Friend after friend recedes,  
Leaving the earth a cold and wintry spot  
Where every footstep bleeds.

Him, too, we lose who stood upon his height,  
Fearless, erect, and strong,  
Uttering his message from the soul of right  
Above the waiting throng.

Shall we not hear again those words of cheer,  
Nor see those eyes that shine,  
Nor hang upon that face majestic, dear,  
And aspect leonine ?

Whither has fled that over-mastering force,  
That swift illumining wit ?  
Upon what strange and more entrancing course  
Does that fine humor flit ?

Deeper (we hope) the truth that charms his gaze,  
Fairer the outstretched scene,  
Nobler the stars that round him roll and blaze,  
Purer the meadow's green.

Patient, serene, he bore the burdened years,  
Felt the great world's deep woe,  
Faced the new questions, crushed the newer fears,  
Saw the sun's rising slow.

Into the dark that changeless soul has passed,  
Into the void those tones,  
Wherein the all-embracing truth was glassed  
Like light in precious stones.

Nay, grief mistakes ; whither he goes is light,  
'T is we are dark, indeed ;  
'T is we who dwell within the impending night,  
Who feel the breathless need.

Lo ! as I strain my upward looking eyes,  
The shadowy death grows fair,  
And, grander than my thought's most rich surmise,  
I see light everywhere.

The gloom that clips the lessening world around  
Bursts into flame and flower ;  
The voicelessness that girds the realm of sound  
Leaps into music's shower.

The throng of greater souls who went before  
Shine white as stainless snow,  
And fill wide spaces past the luminous door  
Of sweet Death's pangless woe.

The silences our sad hearts feared to pierce  
Ring with a wondrous song,  
And joy that holds at bay our anguish fierce  
Makes our rapt souls more strong.

There with his peers he reaches home at last,  
Knows that his work is good,  
His arduous toils and journeyings overpast,  
Out of the storm-swept wood.

We also touch the peacefulness benign  
That calms his risen soul ;  
Not night, but glory, splendid and divine,  
Is Death's most certain goal.

Like stars that fade into the light of day  
Our vanished ones are sped,  
Treading a golden and a flower-lit way  
Where Death alone is dead.

THE GARDEN WHERE THERE IS NO  
WINTER.

“ Se Dio ti lasci, lettor, prender frutto  
Di tua lezione.”

—DANTE.

BEHOLD the portal ; open wide it stands,  
And the long reaches shine and still allure  
To seek their nobler depths serene, secure,  
And watch the waters kiss the yellow sands  
That gentle winds stir with their sweet commands ;  
These stately growths from age to age endure,  
These splendid blooms glow in the sunlight pure,  
These wondrous works of human hearts and  
hands.

Over the charmèd space no storm may rest,  
The gloomy hours avoid the magic bound,  
Homer dwells here, Vergil, and all the blest  
Whose perfumed color lights Time's mighty  
round ;  
Pluck the fruit freely, reader, and partake,  
God wills it—for the enchanted Soul's fair sake.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LOVER of country and winner of men,  
Whither wanderest thou forth of our eyes?  
Shall thy clear soul watch never again  
Sunrise of gold in victorious skies?

What is the realm to which thou wouldst go,  
Freed from the bonds that fetter us here,  
Far from the winter's miracle of snow,  
And summer's splendor, yellow and dear?

Unto the good thou hast longed for and felt,  
Unto the high thou hast labored to win,  
Lands where thine inmost passion has dwelt,  
Regions where all thy great hope has been,

Dreams that have risen in glory and gold  
On thy rapt vision deeper than time,  
Reaches whereof thy strong singing has told,  
Circles of Life fulfilled and sublime,

Gardens where blossom the noblest and best,  
Visible truth and love, lords of all,  
Heaven's white mid and unspeakable rest,  
Music's fine luminous passion and fall,

Thither thou goest and waiting for thee,  
Rise the immortals, smiling and glad,  
Kings of the Spirit, whom Death set free,  
Pure of the griefs which the ages had.

Toilers with thee in the dim, dead years,  
Singers of songs in answer to thine,  
Helpers and friends in the time of fears  
When the sun of the land disdained to shine,

Those who watched and waited for morn,  
While the storm rolled and thundered o'erhead,  
Voicing the depth of the whole world's scorn  
Of the sin for which our truest bled,

Know thee and welcome thee home to thine own,  
Thee, whose voice was a firm clarion-call  
Unto the battle whence victory has blown  
Freedom's awakening to bondman and thrall.

Greatest of those who toiled for the right,  
Poets and thinkers, winners of fame,  
Greet thine ascent to the summit of Light,  
Hold thee above all praises and blame.

Heaven has begirt thee, mixed with the tides  
Living, ennobling, flowing through souls,  
Tides of the just that ever abides,  
Life from the heart of the Spirit that rolls.

Light and Life whereof we are fain,  
Thou hast attained them, splendors most pure,  
Thou who hast found the realm without stain,  
Thou who art one with what must endure.

Conclave divine of the good and the wise,  
Those of the old as the newer time,  
Hold him dear whose new-risen eyes  
Make a new spring in your marvellous clime.

We who remain look up where you are,  
Rise in our dreams to your living's bright fire,  
Burst in high moments our dull being's bar,  
Grow one with you in our passion'd desire.

And thee, O leader, we hearken and hear,  
Mingle our souls with the motions of thine,  
Follow thy footsteps and watch appear  
The stars in thy heaven of heavens and shine.

So shall thy spirit, subtle and strong,  
Flood all the land with the truest of thee,  
Build it in semblance of thy high song,  
Make it what thou wouldst have it to be !

## SLEEP.

### I.

**I**NTO your dusk the strong man and the weak  
Pass and lay fear aside ; that deep abyss  
Opens its wondrous doors not far to seek,  
And grief forgets as joy its last long kiss ;  
The mighty thinker on the rising weal  
That is to turn the world from gloom to glow,  
Allows the mists upon his eyes to steal,  
And leaves fleet time unto its unchecked flow ;  
Love sees its stars grow dim and disappear,  
And blackness rule its many-glittering sky,  
Its life grow suddenly chill, disbranched, and sere,  
Its hope dislustered and unpanged its sigh ;  
Man stood upon his height begirt by day,  
Yet yields him where sleep's dull streams drowse  
away.

### II.

Mayhap the lawless dance of flickering dreams  
Speeds down its twilight reach of spaceless space,  
As through a sombre river yellow gleams  
Of light capricious in untutored race,



A myriad worlds within a moment's flight,  
A strange commingling of the false and true,  
Day's bubbles foaming on the cup of night,  
Trust's blossoms growing on the stems of rue,  
A pageantry that underprops at last  
The ordered march of things whereon the sun  
Sets his live imprint as the undying past  
Dwells in the now whose course is yet to run ;  
The shadowy all yields up its Soul to each,  
As waters lave and kiss an island's beach.

## III.

Lo ! doubt is gone—like Sleep's, Death's arms are  
warm,  
His lips breathe next to ours in ecstasy,  
His lampless eyes awake the singing swarm  
Of lovely deeds and blisses yet to be ;  
So tender-great is he that all he is  
He gives, and then he bears himself away,  
Knowing the need of his pale ministries,  
Beneath the feet of the white and hourless day  
On Time's glad farther side ; so he is one  
With Sleep and no dull doom engirds man  
round ;  
For when the might of both is fully done,  
They still uphold the Light-realm's boundless  
bound,  
Vanishing in it, the dark ruled by the fair,  
And Life and Love growing permanent everywhere.

WALT WHITMAN.

WHENCE is the voice that I hear, so rich, so  
sincere, so free ?

Hark ! how it thrills the air  
With its mighty resonant tones and its cadences  
novel and full !

The singing awakens the land  
With its power and joyance and hope,  
With its call to labor and light ;  
Whence does it come, a wonderful fountain of sil-  
very sound,  
Taking the sun in all its crystalline drops ?

Upward unto the skies, thou leap'st in very delight,  
Higher and higher thy reach,  
O marvellous fountain of song, upward unto the  
stars ;  
And the fair manifold fires  
Studding the night of Time,  
Scattering the beaten dark,  
Births from the soul of all things, growing more  
numerous and bright,  
Bicker and burn and flash reflected in thee.

O singer, whence do the visions come, whence does  
thy soul  
Fill all its longings deep ?  
Whence does the might of the rush of thy wide-  
winged, world-sweeping song  
Gather its splendor of flight ?  
What are the sources clear,  
What are the fathomless springs,  
Where thy high passion lingers and dwells and  
loftily dreams,  
And drains in great draughts the cup of the  
soul of the all ?

Not from the scrolls that the strongest and best of  
the fame-crowned dead  
Wrote with their lives for the world,  
Not from the records of eld where the heart of  
mankind is revealed  
In stories varied and sad,  
Not from the woods and the winds,  
Nor the mountains peaked with old snows,  
Not from the toil and the tempest of moaning and  
restless seas,  
Drank'st thou the fluctuant fervor that glows  
in thy song.

Simple manhood wert thou, and thy heart con-  
fronted in strength  
The shows of the vanishing years,  
Feeling them all to be pageants and mutable forms  
of thyself.

Thou knewest Poesy and Thought,  
Best births from the Life of Man,  
To be pictures and metaphors vast  
Of the ultimate Truth that, gazing within, thy  
penetrant eyes  
Saw flowing beneath and around the magical  
maze.

God, who is Man at highest, and Nature, that toils  
up to Man,  
Dwelt in thy song and in thee,—  
Not as involved in the garb of the dim and mould-  
ering Past,  
Not as in tomes and in tombs,  
But truth, alive and afresh,  
Flowing again in the mind  
That gave up its life to be cleansed and refilled  
with that essence pure,  
Bubbling anew in the latter years of the world !

Presage of strength yet to be, voice of the youngest  
of Time,  
Singer of the golden dawn,  
From thy great message must come light for the  
bettering days,  
Joy to the hands that toil,  
Might to the hopes that droop,  
Power to the Nation reborn,  
Poet and master and seer, helper and friend unto  
men,  
Truth that shall pass into the life of us all !

## DRINKING SONG.

**A** WAKEN, arouse you,  
Come forth unto play,  
Rejoice and carouse you,  
Night conquers the day.

Fill up the bowl for us,  
Strengthen the song,  
Blisses shall roll for us,  
Swiftly along.

Lo ! the glad night-time  
Much has to live  
Which the day's bright-time  
Knows not to give.

Under the cover  
Of the blest dark  
Hope bids her lover  
Enter her bark.

Forth to the glory,  
Lighting each star,  
Splendor-crowned story  
Where all things are !

ALICE CARY.

THE voice of the western woods and fields  
Save for the note of woe  
That sounded ever through her song  
Its monotone dim and slow.

The woman-heart that suffered so much,  
And clamored for the light—  
Surely for her is measureless calm  
On the farther side of the night.

Breath-close to the common heart of man  
Her own heart lived and dwelt,  
Shook with the simpler joys earth knew,  
Its sorrows deeper felt.

Now she sees clear how through and through  
The ache and the pain there wrought  
A golden miracle of strangest love  
Far more than her dream or thought.

Doubtless she raises another song  
As near to the woods and fields,  
But one through whose minor a long note thrills  
That a fragrant gladness yields.

## EPICEDIUM.

NAY, but it cannot be,  
Love rose for thee sweet-starred,  
Making the winds gentlier blow  
Under his watch and guard.

Surely thou art but asleep,  
Open thine unclosing lips,  
Lift thine eyelids set cold  
Over thine eyes' dim eclipse.

Flowers, holy and white,  
These befit thy clear soul,  
Perfume, and light, and pure song,  
Not silence, darkness, and dole.

How shall we bear thee hence,  
Under the pitiless skies,  
Under the marble snows,  
Forth of our lingering eyes ?

What made our hearts so dull,  
What made our hands so weak,  
That we could hold thee not here,  
Thee whom blindly we seek.

Under the cold white snows  
Wilt thou think of those left behind?  
Nay, but thou canst not forget,  
Thou still wilt keep us in mind.

Sweetest of praises and thanks,  
Love that is more than earth knows,  
Thanks for the gift of thyself,  
Shield thee in thy repose.

We would not vex with complaints  
The silence where thou didst go,  
Yet our souls reach forth to thy place,  
And this thou surely must know.



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

I.

POET.

I KNOW the way to many a realm of gold,  
And one I pleasure in from day to day,  
A rich and lucid realm of perfumed May,  
With valleys in the mountains fold on fold,  
And glimpses of the sea-waves shorewards rolled ;  
Glad shapes of Greece revisit the clear ray  
Of regnant sun, and the famed water-way  
Flows thence unto Bohemia, sung of old.

War's trumpet there recalls to grander peace ;  
The prince discloses all his secret pain,  
Making the sadder truth of life more plain ;  
Love archly peeps forth from his milk-white fleece  
Of half-concealing garments, and increase  
Of patriot fervor pours a wondrous strain.

II.

CRITIC.

There too I seek a mountain's upper air,  
Whence Poesy's every kingdom lies revealed,  
Bathed in the light that never shone on field  
Or river ; Landor lifts his forehead bare

Unto the kissing winds, and the far blare  
Of horns re-echoes through the woods which  
yield  
King Arthur's name and knights from depths  
unsealed,  
And Browning shows the soul how passing fair.

The lordships of the sovereign world of song  
Glow in the all-transfiguring element,  
And high above them with divine intent  
Hovers the glory whither poets throng,  
Light mixed with music, triumph over wrong,  
The splendor Dante knew beneficent.

## III.

## FRIEND OF POETS.

Noble as song, or insight keen and deep  
Into the heart of poets, is the skill,  
Product of luminous thought and perfect will,  
To lure desire to climb the rugged steep  
Where high achievement waits, and watchers keep  
Eyes on the wheeling skies which bright stars fill,  
And flame by flame new revelations thrill  
The pulses that responsive bound and leap.

Intimate of the Spirit of the Time,  
Friend of the Hope which through the ages runs,  
He reaches out unto the eager ones  
Whose dreams forever shape themselves in rhyme,  
And build the bridge unto the calmer clime  
Which feels the strength of more benignant suns.

AT EVERY CRISIS.

*When the Conflict glooms and lowers  
And the Nation is at point to fall  
Under the whip and thrall  
Of the mad and conscienceless powers*

*Whose touch is ever at her very throat,  
From the deepest parts of her soul  
Is heard the resounding roll  
Of the impassioned warning note.*

I.

HARK to the burst of the unanimous voice  
That pours from forth the Country's inmost  
hope,  
Response to those dull hearts whose vain *Rejoice*,  
And loudening cries of victory rent the cope  
Of goodness doming the indignant land,  
And loosened ruinous storm on every hand.  
Now all the joinèd winds are full  
Of sonance nobler and desirable ;  
Not yet given over to the sordid greed  
Of men who boast the itching palm,

Aroused from slumber in our hour of need,  
And shattering chains of all-benumbing calm,  
We say into your patient ear, O Earth,  
We have forgotten not our generous trust,  
Nor shamed the promise of our birth,  
Nor stand besprent with utter failure's dust.

## II.

In woods of a subtler Time-world,  
The spiritual image of this,  
The Republic lay and slumbered,  
Secure in established bliss.  
The winds of a summer unfailing  
Blew perfumes about her face,  
And dreams of her growing fruitions  
Made peace in her heart for a space.  
But the hunters crept craftily on her,  
And fettered her glorious limbs,  
And strove to deepen her slumbers  
With their sorcery of sensuous hymns.  
Meanwhile Disgrace and Disaster  
Made havoc upon the realm,  
And the shameless among her children  
Grasped hold of the country's helm.  
She slept and joy of her slumber  
Half lulled us too to repose,  
And darkened our eyes to the future,  
Grown forgetful of our woes.  
But the scorn of the insolent master,  
And sound of his merciless whip,

Have broken the spell of the blindness  
That on us began to slip.  
We raised our voice and our crying  
Pierced far to her secret abode,  
And she shook off her chains like dewdrops,  
And forth to our helping she strode.  
She spoke and the scourge that threatened  
Vanished more fleet than the air,  
She gazed and the Nation trembled  
Into heights of being more fair.

## III.

O spirits of the great departed,  
Watching the seed you sowed in life,  
Immortal souls and truest-hearted  
Of all who plunged into the strife  
Of our deep-colored years,  
You shall not see your fields neglected,  
Nor all undone your strenuous task,  
Our heads bowed down and minds dejected,  
Beneath their power who lie and bask  
Where you and your great peers  
Yet left unto our fears  
Pondered upon the country's weal  
And those high deeds but large hearts feel.  
We grant you this most firm assurance,  
We shall set foot upon the way  
Made certain by your calm endurance,  
And leading straight into the day  
Of national honor's might ;

The echoing words of warning spoken  
By you within the elder time,  
We shall forget not, and in token  
That our endeavors must make rhyme  
With your intents aright,  
And aims with hope alight,  
We broke the bonds wherewith they held us  
Who forth on alien paths compelled us.

## IV.

Thus do we walk secure and growing masters still  
Of our fair fate and Freedom's firm establish-  
ment ;  
We should not falter more but up the steepest hill  
Climb with unwearied step until the Great Event  
Will sunwise flood the world and from just Free-  
dom's flame  
The star-like nations all will gather fire and glow,  
Till Error's latest ghost will seek Night's deepening  
shame,  
And every vale and hill the reign of gladness  
know.

## ROSES.

I WANDERED lonesome and depressed  
    Along a barren road ;  
The sun was in the west  
    And faintly showed  
A dim and half discolored face  
Through clouds that held the sunset's place.

I heard no sound of wave or bird,  
    The air was gray and chill,  
And in me scarcely stirred  
    The languid will  
To cast from me the dull dismay  
That clasped me with the lengthening way.

But suddenly I turned and saw  
    One tree deep-leaved and tall,  
Possessed of might to draw  
    All eyes and call  
The heart back from the shadowy land  
Where hope uplifts no beckoning hand.

For round it roses twined and clung,  
    And in the risen breeze  
The blossoms swayed and swung ;

As one who sees  
A friend's dear face amid a throng,  
My soul awoke and grew more strong.

Just then the waning sunset spurned  
The dusk that gathered strength,  
And all the roses burned  
Like stars at length,  
And I felt power to walk the road  
Where such like splendor shone and glowed.



## THE NEW WORLD.

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought  
From out the storied Past, and used  
Within the Present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought.

—TENNYSON.

Steuere, muthiger Segler ! Es mag der Wik Dich  
verhöhnern,  
Und der Schiffer am Steuer senken die lässige Hand.  
Zummer, immer nach West ! Dort muß die Küste sich  
zeigen,  
Liegt sie doch deutlich, und liegt schlummernd vor  
Deinem Verstand.  
Trane dem leitenden Gott und folge dem schweigenden  
Weltmeer !  
Wär sie doch nicht, sie stieg jetzt aus den Fluthen  
empor.  
Mit dem Genius steht die Natur in ewigem Bunde ;  
Was die eine verspricht, leistet die andre gewiß.

—Schiller.

THE NEW WORLD.  
PROËM  
TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

I.

THE century's unrelenting strength of quest  
Has followed Thought through blossoms  
and through weeds,  
And found (men say) that every pathway  
leads  
Into a cloudland where the footing prest  
Is the insubsistence of a sea's unrest ;  
An island in an ocean of mere dream,  
The life which hoped a truest and a best  
Learns that the best and truest only seem ;  
A bitter, helpless creed !  
No wonder-working deed  
Can thence draw vigor which should surely  
stream  
Through all its pulses, and its fire must deem  
Itself a strange subversion of the law  
Holding vague insecurity in awe ;  
A luminous truth that truth is built on ignorance,  
And Time's endeavor vast the dazzling gift of  
chance !

## II.

Nay, we are not deceived ; no lampless night  
Glooms round the world and hope with its  
despair ;  
Thought wingèd rises into regions fair  
Where is the dominant, all-transfiguring light ;  
Faith has revealed the heart of Love aright  
That beats through history's tempest and its  
roar,  
The felt decadence of the selfless might  
Sweeps from the skies the cloud-heaps more  
and more ;  
Who now shall further doubt  
That a most dismal rout  
Waits the dull fears, whose threatenings loud  
and sore,  
With bannered hosts, against our temples  
bore ?  
Unshattered on the Heavenward-looking hill  
The marble splendor fronts the sunrise still ;  
The blue-eyed Goddess smiles and turns her un-  
veiled shield  
Upon the invading bands, who strew the smoking  
field.

## III.

Yet progress has been devious and slow :  
The Spirit sometimes has been out of breath  
And pale unto the very verge of death ;  
Fierce as the mountain torrent's sudden flow,

Erratic as the wildest winds that blow,  
The movement oft has seemed to rush and  
fall  
Down steep and crags where safety might  
not go :  
Then the swift stream has made a sharp  
recall  
Into its truer bed,  
And by some influence led  
That keeps its foam-flecked waves in juster  
thrall,  
Has bounded forward to the longed-for hall,  
Windy and large, with changing sky, and free,  
The waters' end and aim, the brilliant sea ;  
So hope, the sea-gull, lifts his more adventurous  
wings,  
Lured by the flaming sun wherewith the wide  
world sings.

## IV.

Some clear-eyed angel must have watched and  
tended  
The growths of love and patience in the  
heart,  
Some wisdom guarded with divinest art  
Gentleness, faith, and sweet assurance, blended  
Into a dream which saw the storm tran-  
scended ;  
Chief wonder that such fragile blooms sur-  
vived

Amid the conflict seemingly never ended,  
Chief miracle that they none the less contrived  
To taste the finer air  
Which is their daily fare ;  
Securely in the rudest bosom hived,  
And from the sternest gloom and rage revived,  
Their very slighthness gave them strength to gain  
Gradual possession of the changed domain ;  
For they are of the tribe which toil and strive the best  
When they are needed most and days are dismalest.

## v.

Love felt the bitterness in those ancient days,  
Being forced to mask as passion base and rude,  
And mother of a fierce and brawling brood,  
Hatreds that used the noonday's sovereign blaze  
To lamp man further on destruction's ways ;  
Yet even then Love knew to claim and charm,  
And hold the impregnable and awless gaze ;  
Amid the wanton revelry of harm  
Arose the prophetess  
Touched by God's own caress,  
And led the clan in hours of dire alarm ;

So woman's weak and terrorless right arm  
Pointed the pathway men were glad to take,  
And then as now her words were strong to  
wake  
The trembling higher moods, that slowly came to  
win  
The place of gradual rule and power the soul  
within.

VI.

But Love was lured by glamour of delight  
Into forgetfulness of loftier aims,  
And sank to depths that were not unlike  
shame's ;  
Set in a paradise of softest night,  
And lulled in dreams that made the heavens a  
slight  
And empty thing to lose, weighed in the  
scale  
With sense imperial, and suffused aright  
With the refined and subtly sweet avail,  
The hours wore on apace,  
Touching with hands that lace  
And part in a strange dance's measured  
pale,  
And pleasure said at heart its faint *All*  
*hail !*  
Lest too loud speaking should evoke the death  
Which must wait on such perilous charmed  
breath ;

Shut in these mist-built walls the world's strength  
feminine  
Slumbered, but knew in visions that its sleep was sin.

## VII.

Could the imprisonment last ? Nay, warrior  
queens  
Threw the frail chains from off them like  
clear dew  
Shed from the flank of lioness when new  
The sanguine sunrise bursts the leafy screens ;  
Or radiant motherhood pre-eminent leans  
From its enforced seclusion and requires  
Room for the growth whose dear supremacy  
weans  
From base subjection to unleashed desires ;  
Or the lithe sorceress  
With eyes of wild excess  
Warmed her ambitions at great empire's  
fires ;  
Or the loud triumphs of impassioned lyres,  
Mixed with low wailings of a life suppressed,  
Floated across the time like foam on crest  
Of fluctuant waters, or a meteor's lingering track,  
Paling the stars themselves, over night's depth of  
black.

## VIII.

The masculine might of will arose supreme  
In the white mid of heaven ; now woman-  
hood,



Co-equal, potent, fair, beside him stood,  
No mistress and no daughter, some bright  
dream  
Of golden wisdom, or a vague foregleam  
Of love's own pureness, but that love's great  
whole,  
That wisdom's rich and self-concentred stream  
Having known grief and ruler of the soul ;  
A new life was begun,  
Lit by a female sun,  
Wherewith earth thrilled from its stern pole  
to pole,  
As hope sweeps through the reaches of the  
soul ;  
The future spoke unto the present pale,  
The new light overflowed the horizon's veil,  
The dominations barbarous of the twilight heard  
Above them sound the rumor of their dooming  
word.

IX.

Two equal powers in all life's separate spheres,  
Two streams of influence working out the  
good,  
Two infinite forms of potent servanthood,  
Two strengths arrayed against dark doubts  
and fears,  
The feeling whose fine clearness knows and  
hears,  
The intelligence that is sweet warmth and  
glow,

The instinct whose forthrightness never veers,  
The thought which pierces thorough sense  
and show,  
With freedom everywhere  
To build the high and fair,  
Each being rich soil for other's hand to sow,  
And inner space where nobler harvests grow,  
Life's centre found in each and outer rim  
Reaching beyond the stars most distant-dim,  
Until the end is gained where temporal difference  
Fades in the light of heaven, supreme, unstained,  
intense.

## x.

O Western World ! what the long strain and  
toil  
Of the mighty periods wrought and bravely  
won  
Leave unto you the mightier toil undone ;  
Here is the land of promised wine and oil,  
Here is the State which many failures soil  
Incarnated anew and strong once more,  
Alert, high-hearted, and equipped to foil  
The dangers that confront us with their  
roar ;  
Here is the land of gold  
Which wise men seek to hold,  
Not gold whose heapings mock with longing  
sore,  
But the pure metal which for helmet wore

And shield the brave who saw and loved the  
right,

And thence were filled with the eager con-  
quest's might ;

O golden land of ours ! Arise and strive to be  
Time's purposes attained, Freedom and Victory !



I.

THE OLD WORLD.

In the great morning of the world,  
The Spirit of God with might unfurled  
The flag of Freedom over Chaos,  
And all its banded anarchs fled,  
Like vultures frightened from Imaus  
Before an earthquake's tread.

—SHELLEY.



## THE OLD WORLD.

### I.

GOD'S Thought rose clear before him and  
he said :  
" Lo ! I will fashion for mine eyes to see  
The mighty miracle of Liberty ;  
Unto my will shall many wills be wed,  
With mine own life shall lesser lives be fed,  
With mine own being filled and wondrous fire,  
The increasing light by which all hearts are led  
Unto the summit of supreme desire ;  
From glowering suns and stars,  
From elemental wars,  
From interflux of powers and savage ire  
That bid the engirding night pause and admire,  
From anguish and despair, the wordless brood  
That haunt the expanse of forests primal-rude,  
I will bring forth that mine unenvying soul may  
know  
The lofty love wherewith but Freedom's self can  
glow."

## II.

Then forth into the night a tumult spread,  
The fierce contentions of contrarious powers,  
And loud the noise was of the risen hours,  
And each one on the lust of battle fed,  
And life seemed with the horror stricken dead ;  
Then crescent, pale, mysteriously born,  
Like a low word divinely breathed and said,  
Light rose on the abyss whose ravenous scorn  
Lay soothed into a smile,  
And slowly perished while  
The blue skies rose above, and overworn  
The void gave way where earths with many  
a horn  
And curving gulf held back the seething waves,  
And mastered them and ruled them as the  
slaves  
Of large intents to come, and grasses clothed the  
rocks  
And blossoms burned amid in softly colored flocks.

## III.

So shone the glory of the sun and night  
Became resplendent with her stars and moon,  
And life began to tremble where its boon  
Had fallen on silence, and the morn's firm light  
Broke its strange trance, and into joy and sight  
Burst the quick dance of wondrous sensitive  
things,



And seas were peopled with vast forms of  
    might,  
And in the trees a myriad music rings,  
    And the untimorous sod  
    By manifold shapes was trod,  
And lo ! in forest deep, beside clear springs,  
And on the mountain sides where each wind  
    sings,  
Beneath the skies where gold clouds rose and  
    fled,  
Like breaths of bliss when hope and aim are  
    wed,  
While expectation knew how far the miracle ran  
Beyond its farthest, came the consummation, Man.

## IV.

In the cold dusk of caverns and by waves  
    Of inland waters or on island shores  
    Roared and resounded the first reinless wars  
Of nameless and unnumbered tribes ; fierce  
    slaves  
Of bitter passion and the fear which graves  
    Its horror deep upon the heart, and makes  
The world a vast impendence whose gloom  
    laves  
Half lamplessly ; for no sharp lightning  
    breaks  
    It save ghost newly fled  
    Into lands of the dead,  
Capricious answer giving for their wild sakes

Who raise loud-ringing prayers like sea that  
breaks  
Upon a rock-bound shore with noisy foam ;  
Pain drives them forth from wasted home to  
home,  
And fashions serpents, rocks, or trees into a god  
Of potenced nothingness, a mind-created rod.

## v.

But the brave sun arose in kinglihead  
From darkness of the night and men looked  
forth  
And saw his hand in blessing laid from north  
To kindlier south, and their swift longing sped  
About his footsteps ; so their watchings bred  
Hopes of emerging from their deeps of pain,  
Unto a lustrous height of being led,  
And golden zenith of unvarying gain ;  
They gladly saw the sway  
Of heroes, and the day  
Of gradual peace began to shine and reign,  
And faith to purge itself of the earth-born  
stain ;  
Then through the vales the herds began to pass  
Where the sweet waters wet the thickening  
grass,  
And round the loftier dwelling of the chief and  
king  
Rose hum of toilers and the voice of maids who  
sing.

## VI.

The restless thought with inner fire aflame,  
Like lamp soft glowing through its rosy  
screen,  
Illumed again what the eager eyes had seen,  
And deeper toil of spirit strove to frame  
Anew its large possessions and lay claim  
Upon a broad demesne that bloomed and  
shone  
Above it, a miraculous realm to tame,  
Ruling the outer one of grief and moan ;  
The silver dreams that throng  
Give birth to wondrous song,  
To myth and story winged with rhythmic  
tone,  
And hopes that are the very spirit's own ;  
Whence flow a greater mastery and skill  
Which hold the tribes in friendlier chain and  
will,  
And bind in golden sheaves what has been sought  
and done  
And are the presage of the height already won.

## VII.

Then order rose beside the calm-waved sea,  
First subsidence of the submerging fate,  
A mighty people and a kingdom great,  
Homaging strength of glorious ancestry.  
Their king was father ; his wise empery

Ensouled his subjects and confirmed their  
deed,  
So that they grew and wove for men to be  
A fabric of observance where the need  
Of worship of the law  
Stood forth in perfect awe ;  
A noble issue with the power to breed  
The thoughts that who would live must  
know and read ;  
Their seer, Confucius, spoke such words to  
men  
As have not ceased their sounding, denizen  
Of the high heaven of meek obedience, leader sure  
Into the land of peace which shall at last endure.

## VIII.

Under the fervid skies, and 'mid the growth  
Of tangled forests where the mountains vast  
Circle the shaded glens, a gloomy past  
Enwraps a nobler people ; ever loth  
To grasp the present firmly, seeing both  
The worlds of earth and heaven in mist of  
dreams  
Enrobed and mingled, they seemed bound by  
oath  
Of high allegiance to the One who gleams  
Recedingly on the gaze  
Turned Himwards ; by what ways  
Of severance from the body, down what  
streams

Of anguish did they seek Him ; the land  
teems  
With monstrous shapes and visions that en-  
thrall ;  
And chiefly you, O Buddh, the foiled ones call  
Savior and friend, you clothed in contemplation's  
rest,  
And finding loss of all and nothingness the best.

## IX.

Forth came the sun of Persia, worshippers  
Of golden fires warring upon the dark,  
And dimly conscious of the answering spark  
That lights each heart with dream of truth,  
and errs  
Not in such dreaming ; lofty characters  
Of fixed purpose to bear unto men,  
Despite the frowning hindrance which deters,  
The glow of spirit trembling back again  
Unto the sovereign splendor,  
As star is star's attender ;  
The soldier people rose from rocky glen  
And rivered plain, and earth was gladdened  
when  
Their victories brought the myriad tribes to be  
The children of the flame whose leaping free  
And wind-souled bounding skywards it was joy to  
make  
A symbol of the hope that burns for all men's  
sake.

## X.

Beside the inland deep whose blue-waved flow  
Makes path dividuous unto luring realms,  
That visioned speed the flight of fearless  
helms  
Breaking through veils of distance, whither go  
The race's hopes, which dimly seem to know  
The fate of freedom showing like a sun  
On the sky's verge, where luminous mists rise  
slow,  
Dispersing from before the blaze begun,  
The heroic sailor land  
Uplifts her puissant hand ;  
Lo! white-sailed commerce bids her mariners  
shun  
No vague far water-ways, nor leave undone  
A toil that wrests new lands from weltering  
seas ;  
Brave like her god, much toiling Hercules,  
And finding even pain a mystery of the heart  
Disclosing devious paths of conquest's peerless art.

## XI.

O wondrous people of the tortured fate,  
People grown strong with very sight of God,  
Strong to make live your stormy period  
In the wide soul of earth forever, hate  
And dark despair upon your footsteps wait  
For weary centuries ; giving God to man,

Revealing the sure mean to dissipate  
The bitterness of woes that rose and span  
A mist of fear around him  
Age-long that held and bound him,  
Ye failed in your own destiny and wan  
A gloomy severance from the hope that ran  
Like a swift bearer of the brilliant torch  
Before you ; now within the throngèd porch  
Of the white temple of the future ye too stand  
And your own God will ope and answer your demand.

## XII.

What looms against the purple air, white flame  
Of stone that seems to climb and to aspire,  
The wingèd thing of manifold desire  
Before it, brooding and depressed with shame,  
The dumb eyes sad with question and the blame  
Of sore defeat ? has Heaven no answer fit ?  
Lo ! the soul waits, judged and set free to claim  
The guerdon, in the citadel, unlit  
By lamp of any hope,  
And lingering out the scope  
Of its great longing ; near the temples sit  
Memnonian figures and the walls are writ  
With scrolls of ancient days, but through the aisles  
Oppression hovers and the voiceless piles

Answer not anything and toward the silver sea  
The dreaming land looks whence the wished re-  
sponse must be.

## XIII.

In after days, O dim-eyed Orient,  
Your countless armies crossed the wind-  
swept straits  
And shook the soil where fearless Freedom  
waits  
Your foiled attack ; backwards you fled fore-  
spent  
And baffled in your mighty world-intent ;  
Your eyes were wan with pallid dreams and  
dreads,  
Your footsteps faltered on the ways besprent  
With battle's wreck, and the imperial heads  
Of Europe's leaders young  
Upon your dazed sight sprung,  
And your vast half-thoughts sank into live  
beds  
Of world-remembrances, the potent dead's  
Last influx into Power's re-arisen bloom ;  
You could not rend the heavy primitive doom  
That swathed you and the fire of soul and joinèd  
God  
Burst on the plains which beaten hordes of yours  
had trod.



## XIV.

O land most radiant of the ancient world,  
Which burst the troubled dream wherein  
time lay,  
And shone the crimson dawn of very day  
And life arisen in fields with dew impearled,  
And over which the vanishing vapors curled,  
Uncovering the sky and mounting sun,  
Before you fear and wrath swept downwards  
whirled  
To the deeps of the abysses unbegun ;  
Freedom awoke with Greece,  
And violet-crownèd peace,  
The soul was born and thought's first vic-  
tory won,  
God stood in manhood's guise, and the fore-  
done  
Base monsters of the ancient dread and terror  
Sank backwards from their pride of height and  
error,  
Being made subservient to the splendid dance of  
Love  
And Beauty, come to earth from realms of Powers  
above.

## XV.

Unto world-conquest you marched forth, O  
Rome,  
Grandest of powers in the long roll of time,

And shaper of the commonweal sublime  
In which all peoples found a place and home ;  
You knew with your firm legions on to roam  
And bind more wonderful than theirs a law  
Upon the toiling kingdoms ; in the tome  
Of God's own strength your searching in-  
sight saw  
A form of dominance  
That held your charmèd glance ;  
And long as sovereignty kept close your awe  
Set on man's right to build, bereft of flaw,  
His inner life of choice into brave sight  
Of majesty and rule and visible might,  
The world was all your own ; deepener of thought  
to will,  
Although your own hand slew you, yet you rule  
earth still.

## XVI.

Next rose the star of wonder in the east,  
And wise and lowly came to worship where  
The babe lay in the manger ; light more fair  
And from diviner realms led to the feast  
Which welcomed chief the one who came as  
least ;  
Earth's monarchies and national gods  
Trembled upon their thrones, and day increased  
With passing of the worn-out periods ;  
The realm of the within  
Was opened, and the din

Of outer pomp fell with the lictor's rods ;  
From the great forest's moist and sun-flecked  
sods  
Swept the blue-eyed renewer and for him  
God rose in spirit and truth ; the Orient dim  
Clasped hands with ardent Greece, and knowledge  
of the soul  
Glowed on the peoples as their life's supremest  
goal.

## XVII.

The time lay weltering in mere shame and fear,  
Monstrous with hopelessness and strange  
self-scorn  
Whence every form of wild desire was born,  
And passions that fulfilment made more drear.  
There was but one huge empire, and the near  
Self-slaughter in its dead forgetfulness  
Of elder purposes made it appear  
Mere evanescence into space ; to bless  
The uncharactered vastitude  
And pour life fierce-renewed  
Into that chaos of world-wide distress,  
And cleanse with storm for touch of God's  
caress  
Upon his children's forehead, burst and ran  
The foaming hordes of the barbarian,  
And power again ensouled with what must surely be  
Saw freedom's sun cloud-burdened risen above the  
sea.

## XVIII.

Sure inwardness and self-unfolding thought,  
Spirit's fine motions in each struggling heart,  
The whole of life resurgent in the part,  
Were new achievements ; truth within was  
brought  
Unto a growing vivid radiance, wrought  
By troubled flight from the mere tangible ;  
Pulsings of soul the old world never sought,  
And nobler governance of holier will,  
The blonde-haired Northener  
Felt in him start and stir,  
Whence bloom transformed the meadow and  
the hill,  
Which deeper carols of the poets thrill ;  
The lands which had been savagely estranged  
Once more in brief bright unity were ranged ;  
They had gone through sad years, yet into every  
man  
Entered a love wherewith his blood more freely ran.

## XIX.

Mistress of realms celestial, and the spouse  
Of God himself, bride of the heavenly King,  
Whose solacing song your magic lips made  
ring  
Above the weary peoples, to your house  
Of comfort which the time half disallows,  
And your hand's patient touch and domi-  
nance,

Fled the world-hunted and sin-branded brows  
And gathered light from your uplifting  
glance.

O founded on God's rock,  
And shepherdess of the flock,  
Who looked for calm amid the whirl and  
chance

Of evil days, O Church, who saw advance  
The slow sun up the higher-stretching skies,  
Until power wooed you with his glozing lies,  
You held the sacred keys, and your conviction  
turned  
The wheel of progress and with truth your deep  
eyes burned.

## XX.

A sovereign rose, whose wise unfaltering hand  
Laid hold upon the tempest and the urge  
Of unbound passions, and within the verge  
Of careful potence bade them furl, expand,  
As listed him ; not long the roar unmanned  
Waited when death gave him a grave too deep  
For hopes that Charlemagne with brief breath  
fanned

Into a sudden flame ; on toward the steep  
Sea of mad conflict bore  
The undiscernings sore ;  
Sheer lawlessness erected tower and keep  
Above the fields where blinded slaveries  
weep,

And puny trembling monarchs drank the  
    breath  
Of rule empoisoned with the smell of death ;  
Pale peace fled from the earth save where her  
    lovers shun  
The storm within the church's anthemed orison.

## XXI.

But heaven is never starless, and the moon  
    Lifts up her silver face from boding cloud  
    That hides but ill her splendor with the  
        shroud  
Of storm and battle ; surer comes the boon  
Of high self-conquest, and the mystic rune  
    Of freedom won from mid of fear and hate  
Shines clearer on men's brows ; forth late or  
    soon,  
And rising far above the bitter fate  
    That dominates the age  
    Glooming its every page,  
The errant knights fare forth and lie in wait  
To force vile tyrannies from heights elate ;  
They see pure Love within the heaven of  
    thought,  
Fashioned of gentle hopes, with dreamings  
    wrought :  
Queen of the life and hearts that worship at her  
    shrine,  
She lifts her eyes and guides them unto deeds  
    divine.

## XXII.

Again the awakened East had risen as erst  
In hours forgotten, and the conquering  
march  
Of the arms Arabian underneath the arch  
Of many a sky had passed ; their fervor burst  
Their native deserts, and their worship nurst  
The hope of bringing back unto the One,  
Whom they named God, the peoples now immerst  
In giant tasks ; but vain the victory won,  
And vain their prophet's call ;  
Against their kingdoms fall  
The Westerners who scorn their toils fore-  
done,  
And beauty risen beneath their regnant  
sun ;  
As in the days of the far older time  
The Orient reels back shattered, and the clime  
Of Europe knows them but as sombre scudding  
rack  
That winds drive from before the light's sky-cleav-  
ing track.

## XXIII.

So was the West triumphant, and the gold  
Of growing light was conqueror of the storm  
Which had beset its dawn with gloom  
enorme ;

The heaving billows of the conflict rolled  
Soothed by the splendor, and the hunted fold  
Of night unseasonable fled on before ;  
The heart's deep visionings became more bold  
And turned unto the sacred land which bore  
Love basely filleted  
And even mocked when dead ;  
Should they not gain the tomb ? thus more  
and more  
The life of man as one began to soar  
Before their gazings, and the memoried East  
Awoke new purposes, whose flame increased  
So that the bitter march was full of rich avail  
And truth again came sweeping down the orient  
gale.

## XXIV.

Nor does high wisdom linger ; knowledge  
grows  
To more imperial potency and the soul  
Sees heaven's great realms above it float and  
roll,  
Centering in the pure passion-glowing rose  
Before God's throne ; whiter than sifted snows  
Love rules one heart with purpose clearer  
far  
Than old Greece thrilled with, and his rapt  
song flows  
From the time's depths, more silvern than  
the star



That lights the violet sky  
Before the dayspring's eye  
Takes to itself its lucence and the war  
With night hath one more victory, scimeter  
Made for the ages' hand, and fashioned well  
Of prayer and anguish and divinest spell,  
Slaying the beast within the man and hewing way  
To where Beatrice's eyes are pursuivants of day.

## xxv.

As in the flawless stone the mighty limbs  
And sun-turned face disclose from day to  
day  
Their loosening glory, and the shadows play  
Beneath wide eyes wherein the joyous hymns  
Of wakening life lie silent, interims  
Of loveliness and strength to hold subdued  
Worship forever, being imaged thought which  
swims  
Upon the sense with rapture still renewed,  
So 'mid the whelm and toss  
Of aims that strive and cross  
The Nation rears its forehead, and imbued  
With the heart to vanquish difference and  
feud  
Reveals a power superb, that is to set  
On the expectant world a coronet  
And sign of coming peace, and Freedom is the  
name  
The great birth bears, though vaguely known and  
sad with blame.

## XXVI.

Earth grew more beautiful and human life  
Swept on more nobly ; the dreams of seer  
and saint  
Gave way to joys that held without complaint  
Their revelries within the present ; strife  
Yet roars in madness where the hordes are rife  
Who pour from mythic Asia's soundless  
deeps,  
And thrust anew the rude barbaric knife  
At the city's throat amid which learning  
weeps  
Because of evil days ;  
So toward the western ways  
Greece once more bears her quenchless  
torch, and steeps  
In goldener light, and re-enthronèd keeps  
Her inexhausted regnance, that is sure  
As the great stars above and must endure,  
Being part of truth eternal and the pauseless  
strength  
Which shall bring all mankind into its calm at  
length.

## XXVII.

The golden-belted bees that hum within  
The honey-hearted flowers of pleasure fed  
The soul with strange delights, and sorcer-  
ous led

Her feet on poisonous paths of passion ;  
yet to win  
The beauty, which, born of the sun, had been  
The young world's longing, and to see anew  
The whole of life, its triumph, love and sin,  
Statued or risen in towers or morned to view  
In unsurpassable splendor  
Of colors fierce or tender,  
Became the time's desire ; then soft winds  
blew  
Fraught with a lighter perfume, clearer dew,  
From long unvisited realms of Poesy ;  
Birds of fresh joys sang in the new-leaved tree  
Of living disenthralled from gloom of prisoning  
dreams,  
And man walked forth beside the sky-reflecting  
streams.

## XXVIII.

Heart of the world and mystery of time,  
Eyesight and life for which the pageant  
moves,  
Freedom, for whose fair sake adown the  
grooves  
Of ringing change from heavy slumberous  
prime  
Unto thought's latter all-transpicious clime,  
The toil and struggle of mankind have gone !  
Your steps have been amid the heat and rime  
Of nature's tumult, and the haggard wan

Despair of history,  
Lessening in slow degree  
As you emerged in your own light and on  
The hills of conquest glittered paragon !  
O mirror sending back to heavenly powers  
Their imaged loveliness and crowned with  
flowers !  
O unity of lands, the morning of your day  
Flashes across the verge, and holds the night at bay !

## XXIX.

The mountains rose benignant and the sea  
Clung to its shores with lingering lover's  
lips ;  
The world of trees and blooms sprang  
from eclipse  
And smiled as never in the past ; to be  
Thought's painted veil and the glory free  
Of the outer where the soul's high hopes are  
glassed  
Nature avowed her part in life ; men see,  
His splendors equally around him cast,  
The sun uprisen on high,  
Centre of worlds that vie  
In happy worship ; they knew well at last  
The need of firm obedience and their vast  
Divisions sought to close and move in tune ;  
The night with blossom-stars or plenilune,  
The day with flame amidmost of the curving skies,  
Held the fair earth as love in arms of lover lies.

## XXX.

The torch of thought gleamed on the caverned  
rocks,  
And earth made bare her heart ; no smallest  
thing  
But held the secret wherewith the planets  
ring  
And make the music that enfolds and locks  
The universe in its embrace ; the mocks  
Of elders, eye-bound with dead loves and  
hopes,  
Fled in the winds of search like colored flocks  
Of leaves at autumn-tide ; time's horoscopes  
Were prescient of resolve  
And effort that revolve  
The reborn planet ; the fetters and old ropes  
Of dim opinion fell, weak as mere tropes  
Of sounding sophistries, when the urgent hours  
Arouse the soul of man with all its powers,  
When the voice of prophet calls the wandering feet  
and brains  
Back to the needed toil on ever-harvested plains.

## XXXI.

One deep intention ruled the restless soul  
Of all the period, shook it with vague thrill  
Of grand success, nerved its converging will  
Unto sheer fearlessness, and held the whole  
White-heated fervor bound unto the pole

Of a great action ; star that rose to guide  
The impetuous firm endeavor to the goal  
For which the unwearied centuries fleet and  
ride

The tempest-peopled sea  
Was search for land where the tree  
Of Freedom might grow surely and abide  
The hour whose striking had been long  
denied.

Fixed in the heart of men and impulse strong  
Was need to grasp the earth and to prolong  
Their nobler life about its curving sides, absorb  
Its spherèd secret, and command the obedient orb.

## XXXII.

Then Freedom might forever build its home  
Upon that conquest, and the very stars  
Rising from out the infinite dark thrust bars  
Away from their best knowing, and the dome  
Of heaven hold no more mystery, and to roam  
From light to light of gradual truth become  
The joy of search, feeling on its brow the foam  
And wind of thought's great ocean where  
the dumb

Forth-reachings of the past  
Fruition find at last ;  
One orb being solved, the distant maze and  
hum  
Of worlds whose multitudes had dared to  
numb

The earlier gropings rise in ordered song,  
Repeating the one story ; from the strong  
Desire of the great ages leaps divine and mild  
The longed-for, pure-eyed goddess, Fate's Fate-  
slaying child !

## XXXIII.

Also the truth that filled the restless mind  
Of the rapt seeker found a dwelling place  
Which should repel time's malice, face to  
face  
With old discoveries bring all human kind,  
Hold wisest memories safe and unresigned  
From regent purpose, cast the miracle far  
Of budding knowledges like seed confined  
In fruitful soil breaking in bloom as star  
Is clad with silver light  
To wage war on the night  
And conquer, burst the imprisoning bond  
and bar  
Of glooms that sought to hold the soul and  
mar,  
And build a realm where men's just dreams  
might tread  
And know their strength and bliss of kingli-  
head ;  
This too was granted them ; behold in hall and  
nook  
Of simpler life, yea everywhere, the charmed book !

## XXXIV.

Voyings forth to the east and wonder-tales  
Of golden monarchs in clime-favored lands !  
The western ocean writes on sparkling sands  
Its open secret ; round the globed earth sails  
Wide forethought fearless ; all the eastern gales  
Fraught with the glow of story waft the oars  
On westward paths unto the rose-brimmed vales  
Whither quick fancy lifts its wings and soars ;  
Upon one soul more high  
Than the ensphering sky,  
One heart great to include hope's boundless  
shores,  
And prophecy's divinely fashioned lores,  
Rose the entrancing vision ; presage he  
Of wonders and achievements yet to be ;  
Into the vasty dark his ship pursued its way,  
Secure that westward was the spring of man's bright  
day !



## II.

### THE MAN.

The sun set, but set not his hope ;  
Stars rose ; his faith was earlier up ;  
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,  
Deeper and older seemed his eye ;  
And matched his sufferance sublime  
The taciturnity of time.

—EMERSON.



## THE MAN.

### I.

WHO knows the secret of the sunrise ? who  
    Shall say what splendor of the exhaust-  
        less sun  
    Across the sombre waiting skies shall run ?  
Who knows the point from which the first wind  
    blew  
That brought the hidden sky again to view ?  
    On what far tip of Ocean's many waves  
Fell the first moonbeam ? or what drop of dew  
    Hid first amid the rose's petals, slaves  
        To the sweet dream of love  
        Her coming forth hath wove ?  
What edge of storm struck first the trembling  
    knaves  
    Who king earth's follies, and what yawn of  
        graves  
Oped first to enclose them from the lightning  
    stroke  
Fallen and quivering ? or what first ray broke

From what far heavens to shine within the hearts  
of men  
And bring them back to life and truth and joy  
again?

## II.

Surely the ages climb unto the Deed !  
Beneath the sod the slow seed bursts and  
toils,  
The laboring spirit laughs at vain recoils  
On its intention ; still the patient need  
Moulds the great world and bids arise, exceed,  
The light that darkling lay amid dense scorn ;  
Denials perish of its right to lead  
To spaces where its glow increased to morn  
Is promise of the day  
Having the word to say  
Which leaves old crimes disseated and for-  
lorn,  
While faith resurgent in the just is born ;  
As the earth's rivers flow unto the sea,  
Time's unseen tides unto the yet to be,  
So might and things and life speed to the centre  
where  
The new achievement leaps forth to the sun and  
air.

## III.

Deep in one heart the fateful future bides,  
A point of expectation and of thought,

Which have this frail and slender vessel  
wrought  
For their enswathement ; his the dream that  
rides  
Into the haven where its storm-swept sides  
May wreathe themselves in flowers of triumph won ;  
Deep in his soul the new evangel hides  
Toward which the confluent streams of hope  
have run  
    Since light was on the sea  
    Where his great task should be ;  
Upon that suffering head the winds and sun  
May beat, whitening his locks, and the undone  
Intent may seem like failure, and his eyes  
May see through tears morn after morn arise,  
But all the stars of heaven and the sun's swiftest  
fires  
Bring on the hour which shall respond to his desires.

## IV.

Italia ! with full hands you have ever come  
Unto the feast of nations ; rise once more,  
Be your grand self that all men may adore ;  
Your cry of war in olden days struck dumb  
The dwellers of the farthest earth ; your sum  
Of glories made a crown for your fair brow  
Which was the light of law and masterdom

Burning within our house of rule even now ;  
Your Church's holy flame  
Made clear the sacred name  
When darkness held the lands ; later your  
vow  
Unto high beauty led you to endow  
The joy of men with its best heritage  
Of picture and of marble ; and your rage  
Of large beneficence would not have wholly won  
Its height of giving, had you urged not forth your  
son

## v.

To find the newer world far in the west  
Toward which some instinct in the heart of  
man  
Pointed since first the flow of time began ;  
The brooding boy beside your waves sat blest  
In a large dream of earth's alluring best,  
A forefeel of the way his ships must go,  
Borne on the treacherous subsidence and crest  
Into the light that later eyes should know ;  
Within him burned and thrilled  
The purposes world-willed  
For which all skies are globed and all winds  
blow ;  
Son of a sailor-city and the foe  
Of whatso night hung over distant seas  
And hid from sight uncaptured lands and  
leas,

His thought surged far and high and gazed upon  
of stars  
Virginal, which beacons him from forth their  
speeding cars.

## VI.

What the great halls of learning told his soul  
Of mystic project and alert command,  
The golden memories of sighted land  
By ancient wanderers on the toss and roll  
Of half-forgotten waves, what murmuring stole  
Upon him of the vaguely-looming fate  
That was to be his anguish and his goal,  
Found in him the resolve whose form and  
date  
Are not the fruit of time  
And grow within a clime  
Which has heaven's smile for sky ; calmly  
he sate  
And what was kin unto that mood and mate  
Came to his hand and gave its message up,  
As one drinks wine from out a jewelled cup,  
And he went forth strong in the truth and firmly  
bent  
To search for lore of the far realm where'er he went.

## VII.

The sea knew well her master ; from her came  
A voice of urgency and a cry that stung  
His heart to answer and about him clung

A host of visionings that roused to flame  
His sense of kingship ; his the hand to tame  
Her wild upheapings, make her bear the yoke,  
And fawn about the keels in happy shame  
That into her close western secrets broke ;  
He knew her scorn and smile  
And fathomed every wile,  
Treading in joy the hollowed pine or oak ;  
The astonished sailors felt the subtle stroke  
Of still assurance when the headland rose  
Before them and the morning brought swift  
close  
To the mutinous fury facing the near Afric sand  
And impotent to make him seek the wished-for  
strand.

## VIII.

He held the wonder in his heart and soon  
From all the winds came confirmation strong  
To bear his swift previsionings along ;  
He followed every track beneath the moon  
And sought from south to north whatever rune  
Deciphered showed the path he was to tread ;  
Nor any region might refuse the boon  
Unto his asking ; forth his steps were led  
Unto the extreme shore  
That then the honor wore  
Of searchings far and wide into the dread  
And awful marvels that the ocean bred ;  
And knowledge came to aid him and her speech



Pointed unto the fruitage in his reach ;  
The noble Florentine, the traveller of the skies,  
Like a new planet saw the new West glow and rise.

## IX.

The very light was filled with fair sea tales  
As if the sun were leagued with his chief  
hope ;  
A luminous mist of story and of trope  
Swept through the lands and girt his visioned  
sails  
With the exalting bliss that never fails.  
What if he knew not half the magic lore  
Which came down wafted on the freighted gales  
From the dim past, yet Plato's vanished shore  
And the stern Roman's dream  
Seen in the stormless stream  
Of light prophetic, and what picture more  
Shone to complete the world, rejoiced to soar  
Into the heaven of his musings, cling  
To his enlinking thought, and there to sing  
A music that by many had been softly heard  
And iterant in refrain the East and West averred.

## X.

Mornwards were realms of fairy ; far Cathay  
Drew with its towers and singular roofs of  
gold,  
And farther towards the springs of light the  
bold

Discoverer saw the foam that starred the way  
To great Zipangu ; who should say him nay ?  
In Asia's dimness potent Prester John  
Ruled still (so spoke their dreamings) and the  
day  
Of rosy lustre had not fled and gone  
From glorious Kublai Khan  
Whose width of regnance ran  
Unto the hither sea ; his thoughts sped on  
Across the sun-kissed waves and dwelt upon  
The fortunes of the lucky brothers twain  
And Rubruquis and more whose deeds were vain  
Because the hated Turk usurped the Orient ;  
Upon the western skies his hopes were set and bent.

## XI.

Scant was the bread he won, and hard the toil  
Of many askings ; you might surely deem  
The country would not unresponsive seem  
That bore the Prince of Seamen and whose  
spoil  
Of treasures won with strength no storm could  
foil  
Called his work hers who passed the haunted  
cape  
To distant Calicut ; but the stern coil  
Of sharp denial gave no sure escape  
From its coercive prison ;  
The light was not arisen  
Upon his weary darkness ; many an ape

Of dullard greatness would yet grin and gape  
Upon the calm severity that held  
Its course unshaken, patient, and unquelled,  
Scorning the Portuguese device which basely sought  
To grasp the certain prize and bring his life to  
naught.

## XII.

But Love looked on his eager step and brow  
And sang him melodies to lull and cheer  
His bitter waiting ; children blithe and dear  
Climbed on his knee, and made the time allow  
A respite from the deep and mastering vow ;  
Nobly formed was he, strong and large of  
frame,  
The potent eye clear with light to endow  
A darkling multitude ; the furrows came  
Full early and the face  
Revealed across its space  
The unresting purpose and the mind of flame ;  
A vigorous soul that saw the heights of fame,  
Being part of large intents ; and if at last  
Love in another guise beside him passed,  
Be sure heaven frowned not on that simple paradise  
Nor gazed upon it with stern, unrelenting eyes.

## XIII.

Moreover when he claimed the right to rule  
The realms he found and portions of the  
store

Of riches they gave up, what did he more  
Than emphasize the part he played? The  
cool  
Winds of the morning sweeping o'er the pool,  
That seeks to hold the sunrise on its breast,  
Capricious, wayward, yet are not the fool  
To yield one atom of the waters' best  
Which they believe is theirs ;  
No flower the summer bears  
But calls the sun his own, and the wide west  
In days to come should each with the all  
invest ;  
He was the master of the islands far,  
He was the late and slowly rising star,  
Beneath which burst their beauty from the dark-  
ness' thrall,  
And he of right was ruler and great admiral.

## XIV.

Forth fared he from the land that knew him  
not  
And sought the region of brave-voiced  
romance,  
About which all the wingèd seasons dance  
In lyric joyance, Spain, whose lofty lot  
Was to conclude the conflict unforget ;  
Again the sense-steeped and luxurious creed  
That rose in Asia, bred amid her hot  
And desert sands, contended with the need  
For nobler self-possession,

And spirit's free confession  
Of firm allegiance to the truth whose meed  
Is to obtain the will and strength to bleed  
For those who toil and mourn ; great-hearted  
Spain,  
Fronting the expectant and sonorous main,  
Had the keen sight to pierce the mists which over-  
hung  
The outer ocean, taught by the unfearing tongue

## xv.

That made wide Europe hear the constant  
story ;  
She bent at first a sombre deep surprise  
Upon the whitened hair and anxious eyes ;  
Her sages and her counsellors, old and hoary,  
Sat gazing from their wisdom's promontory  
Steadfastly seaward, but a shadow lay  
Upon the outlook's still invisible glory,  
And they believed not in the nearing day ;  
But there were those who felt  
The mystery that dwelt  
In his firm words, the prince, of amplest  
sway,  
Medina-Celi, and, keen in the fray,  
The third king of the realm, Mendoza, priest  
And statesman, with the Queen's advisers, least  
Inclined to marvels, Santangel, Quintanilla strong,  
And the imperious Marchioness whose life's rich  
song

## XVI.

Answered his own ; but now the Crescent pale  
Shrank behind clouds of war, and the pure  
Queen  
Held victory grasped ; at Santa Fe were  
seen  
The royal armament whose stern avail  
Shattered the Saracen kingdom and saw quail  
The Oriental life before the sweep  
Of nobleness that dwelt behind the mail  
Of lords and knights ; for these the moving  
deep  
Held regions secret yet  
But where their bold hopes set  
Should come to sight in forms wherein the  
leap  
Of impulse might find joyance and still keep  
Friendship with law that fetters and makes  
free ;  
For these ere long the sun's unloosened sea  
Should flow round Moorish towers wherefrom burns  
forth the cross,  
Symbol of hope and love that grow and know not  
loss.

## XVII.

But not to you, O Europe, came the task  
To build the commonweal that shall endure  
And brighten ever till its action pure

Grows even as time itself must seek and ask ;  
Men knew not what was hidden behind the  
mask  
The ages wove of Pomp and Power, strong  
Love,  
That throws from off its brow the glittering  
casque,  
And fills the world with the clear light  
thereof ;  
They built the narrow cell  
Wherein the accents fell  
Of Judges whom no mildness of the dove  
Kept from the serpent's keenness ; forth  
they drove  
The patient wisdom of a people sad  
With the unfinished pain their drear past had,  
And whom the New World, too, should free from  
the dark doom  
Which wove around them centuries of grief and  
gloom.

## XVIII.

Thus the past clutched the throat of wise  
intent,  
And murdered Spain when her hand held  
the keys  
To unlock the future's happier mysteries ;  
And the defeated Moor saw once more bent  
The nations at the shrine from whence are  
sent

Soul-slaying vapors and a shuddering dread  
Of lordly deeds for which all time is meant.  
Gray Europe had a weary path to tread  
    Unto that far seen goal  
    For which the New World sole  
Waited, and whereunto her life is wed ;  
O bold discoverer high among the dead,  
Or those whose unsealed eyes behold the all,  
Great Sailor and the Future's Admiral,  
You see what land you found—not Asia's mere  
    decay,  
But the Achievement's best, and gold of the New  
    Day !

## XIX.

Yet had his sun not risen ; from his lips  
Fell in swift fervid accents his desire,  
And Talavera's eyes of smouldering fire  
Shone with a myriad doubts, a dark eclipse  
Of faith hung round him, and the longed-for  
    ships  
Ploughed but the ocean of his star-lit  
    dreams ;  
Time had not tried his soul enough with whips  
And scorns, for so the rigid Master deems  
    He makes his servants fit  
    For the hard toils which knit  
The perfect garment, firm and without  
    seams,



The world shall wear at last ; his hurt brain  
    teems  
With indignation and he turns away  
Undaunted, and he girds him for the fray  
Once more ; but first he hears the words of his  
    good friend,  
Marchena, strong with trust in the far-shining end.

## XX.

His wanderings reached at last the lonely door  
Of calm La Rabida ; there the silence came  
Grateful upon his grief's consuming flame ;  
The simple cloisters gave him peace once  
    more  
And the live ocean rolled up to the shore  
Its ceaseless voice of promise ; through the  
    pines  
The sun looked down benignant, and the roar  
Of the far world of rivalries declines  
    Into an inward murmur  
    With each day growing firmer,  
Whose sense is conquest at the last ; as  
    shines  
A lamp across a rocky path's confines  
Making the outlet clear, Juan Perez' faith  
Who heard him and conceived his words no  
    wraith  
Of fevered fancy but the very truth, was light  
To bring the Queen to know his purposes aright.

## XXI.

O noble priest and friend ! you reached the  
court  
And turned the Queen from conquest's mid  
career  
To hearken ; other triumphs glittered clear  
Before her, and again from Huelva's port  
The seeker came ; he saw Granada's fort  
Open its gates reluctant, and the king,  
El Zogoibi, bewail his bitter sort  
And loss which made the rich *Te Deums* ring  
When on La Vela's tower  
The cross bloomed like a flower  
Of heaven's own growing ; but the sudden  
spring,  
Loud with birds silent long that strove to sing,  
After the winter's weary voiceless reign,  
Was overcast with storms of cold disdain ;  
Haughtily forth he fared and reached Granada's  
gates  
When the clouds lifted and the persecuting fates

## XXII.

Relented from their fury ; for the Queen  
Listened unto the urgings manifold  
Of Santangel, and counsel, wise and bold,  
Of the far-seeing Marchioness, whose keen  
Divinings pierced the misty ocean's screen  
And felt the deed must surely come to pass ;

So they recalled him, and his life's changed  
scene  
Grew bright with blooms and smile of thick-  
ening grass ;  
O royal woman then  
Your hand received again  
The keys of a great realm ; in the clear glass  
Of actions yet to be whose fires amass  
Infinite stores of impulse toward the good,  
Your image permanent lies ; forth from the  
wood  
Of beasts malicious and the unrelenting dread  
You showed the way, but sought not from the gloom  
to tread.

## XXIII.

The wind was fair, the ships lay in the bay,  
And the blue sky looked down upon the  
earth ;  
Prophetic time laughed toward the nearing  
birth  
Of the strong child with whom should come a  
day  
That dulled all earlier hours. Forth on the way  
With holy blessings said, and bellied sails,  
And mounting joy that knows not let nor stay !  
Lo ! the undaunted purpose never fails !  
O patient master, seer,  
For whom the far is near,  
The vision true, and the mere present pales

Its lustre, what mild seas and blossomed vales  
Awaited you ? haply a paradise  
But not the one which drew your swerveless  
eyes ;  
Could you have known what lands were there be-  
yond the main,  
You surelier would have turned to gladness  
from pain.

## XXIV.

Light-bearer ! this did you hope indeed to be,  
Freeing the holy tomb from dominance base  
And cleansing earth's bent brow from dark  
disgrace ;  
Waited not Prester John across the sea  
With eager sons under his canopy  
Of gold and on his emerald-studded throne ?  
Wealth should you have and wide-spread  
empire  
To bring bowed hearts to Truth who heard  
their moan  
And made it yours to lift  
The heavy clinging drift  
From their sad days, the many hearts who  
lone  
And anguished suffered falsehood's mono-  
tone ;  
Such was your dream, O strong deliverer !  
But your achievement infinite-mightier  
Planted the tree of Freedom in its foredoomed soil  
And wrested from old Ill the remnant of his spoil.

## XXV.

What room for cold detraction's voice ? What  
gain  
In finding weakness where so much of  
strength  
Reached the far end it sought so long at  
length ?  
Grant that his soul had here and there a stain,  
The splendor of his deed must still remain  
The clear avouchment of his manhood's  
height ;  
That cannot be the truth which would constrain  
The mind to dull details and hold from  
sight  
The life that is the whole  
Vision ; the mists uproll  
From the wide landscape and the generous  
light  
Bathes in its affluence hill and stream ; the  
night  
Seeks its lair far beyond the glowing earth ;  
Here is the joy of daring and of worth ;  
If mists cling to the trees or thin clouds yet ob-  
scure,  
We ask not in the day's impendence white and  
pure.

## XXVI.

Two worlds, from the beginning sundered, flow  
Into the stream that is the planet's life,

A strength showing sweet peace brought  
forth of strife ;  
The giant winds upon their wanderings go  
From the grim lands of changeless iron snow  
Unto the climes where rules the centred sun,  
And everywhere the exulting nations know  
That their approaching Destiny is one ;  
    This hath the Sea-King wrought  
    Whose forward leaping thought  
Felt that man's victory was but half way  
done  
Unless both realms were intimately won  
Unto the mighty goodness which is God  
And Lord of History's utmost period ;  
His hand conjoined the parted continents once for  
all,  
He looked for land and lo ! a nobler spirit-fall !

### III.

#### THE DEED.

To cross the seas of life, naught suffices save the bark of faith. In that bark the undoubting Columbus set sail, and at his journey's end found a new world. Had that world not then existed, God would have created it in the solitude of the Atlantic, if to no other end than to reward the faith and constancy of that great man.

—EMILIO CASTELAR.





## THE DEED.

### I.

REACH but the heights of truth and every  
star  
Trembles and shines for aims you seek and  
love ;  
The winds become the pursuivants thereof,  
Their blare triumphant heralds you afar ;  
No danger can affright, no power can bar  
The stern endeavor leagued with very  
thought,  
The impassioned hope that is right's avatar  
And sees its substance surely wrought  
Into the web of time ;  
He breathes the superb clime  
Of certain victory, who, borne by naught  
From the pursuit his loftiest dreams have  
sought,  
Follows the rocky path, however steep,  
Which lovers of mankind perceive and keep ;  
All forces of the land and sea and air conspire  
To bring to pass what feeds eternity's desire.

## II.

The soft acclaim of heaven accompanies  
The advent of the hero on the earth ;  
Nothing of wonder may attest his worth  
Or break upon and shake the revelries  
Of arrogant pleasure which concludes not his  
To ring the knell of what it holds most  
dear ;  
But where the secret place of potency is,  
And where the heart of life beats high and  
clear,  
The light's intenser glow  
And joy's superb flow  
Betoken triumph 'gainst the ancient fear ;  
The night is sorely stricken and her drear  
Control is nearly over ; every stream  
Speeds with new strength in the sun's strenuous  
stream,  
Defeat beholds with dark chagrin how all his skill  
Of strange undoing served to work the sovereign  
will.

## III.

Now the swift hours seemed friendly ; every-  
where  
Smiled portents of success to the emprise  
Which looked for sunrise where the low day  
dies  
Into the seas incarnadine ; to dare  
Was certain conquest ; earth was all aware

Of the endeavor, and her heart was thrilled  
With mighty impulse that her son should fare  
Straight to the doom she long had loved and  
willed ;

He was the very mid  
Of the intentions hid

Within her bosom till her hands had spilled  
Enough of marvels and the unfulfilled  
Desires of her bold manchild sought the  
realms

Beyond the sea with courage-governed helms  
Where could be built anew, free from the past's  
grim wrong,  
A home the soul might dwell in, life's last burst of  
song.

## IV.

Now the winds rose from out the storied east,  
Freighted with all the perfumed memories  
That murmured in their brains like happy  
bees

Seeking the hives wherein the store increased  
Of earth's best products was set for the feast  
Whereby all men recline and each is king ;  
The light wind freshened while the monk and  
priest

Watched from his height the vessels vanish-  
ing ;

The sea was fair as youth,  
The wind was firm as truth,

The cloven waters with a swish and swing  
Around the ship's sides seemed to close and  
sing ;  
The known shores faded and the speeding  
days  
Brought them unto the skyward-reaching blaze  
Of islanded sheer Teneriffe that pierced the night  
With its sharp cone and thrilled the unaccustomed  
sight.

## v.

Forth into unknown seas ! and who shall say  
What keel clove those forgetful waves be-  
fore ?  
Had the dark-haired and slim Phœnician's  
prore  
Seen creaming from its thrust the fitful play  
Of those unraging waters ? or the way  
Been conscious of the Greekish mariner  
Whose fancy wantoned in the golden day  
Of lost Atlantis ? or the storm and stir  
Of an obscure unrest  
Driven a king from blest  
And firm-built power to see through misted  
blur  
Strange coasts arise and many an islander ?  
The smoothly-slipping rippled element  
Seemed false-benignant in its calm consent ;  
What vague forebodings held their inmost hearts  
appalled  
When sea was all that shone upon their sight en-  
thrallled ?

## VI.

The sky above them glittered clear and pure,  
The vast horizons scarcely shut them in ;  
Had the strange path an end ? was theirs to  
win  
A shore beyond that solitude ? Secure  
In the far-stretching distance lay the lure  
Which siren-wise laughed in the present  
calm ?  
Or did the silver monotone endure  
Until its splendor ached, and the fierce  
qualm  
Wrought madness in the brain ?  
Farther upon the plain  
Of liquid lucence and no sign of balm  
Unto the growing fear and lifted palm ;  
Held the same law in the same certain strength  
The new and old ? or was change here at  
length ?  
These treacherous waves perchance rolled on no  
human shore,  
And vaguely westward was the infinite's opened  
door ?

## VII.

A broken mast tossed loose from wave to  
wave !  
A sign from the as yet unfathomed sea  
And menace to their rash temerity !  
For who might bind her as a willing slave  
To his devisings ? was she not one grave,

Pellucid, fragrant, lambent everywhere,  
Covetous of life and impotent to save ?  
But the quick birds were fearless and the air  
Upbore their flutterings,  
And the increasing rings  
Of their large flight portended something  
fair.  
Pelican, tunny fish, aught that could bear  
A happy presage woke a fleeting thrill  
Of the old hope which dimmed and lessened  
still ;  
What might survive upon the stretching lone ex-  
panse  
Save the light tribes of air, and fishes' darting  
dance ?

## VIII.

But lo ! the sea became a tangled mass,  
A floating meadow of unnameable weeds,  
A sterile growth answering no man's needs,  
A demon-fashioned obstacle to pass,  
A moving desert covered with strange grass,  
Another horror which the water spawns,  
That aggregate of drops more clear than glass,  
But hiding in its clearness fifty dawns  
Of ominous miracle,  
An ever variant spell  
Which while it brings to sight its wrecks, yet  
fawns  
Upon its victims ; through the yielding  
lawns,

Starred with red berries like dull spots of fire,  
That were the signs of its condign desire,  
They cut their way at last, but now the winds were  
still ;  
What next ? when would the sea's wild fancy have  
its will ?

## IX.

Drifting slowly unto their doom ; the glow  
Of the smooth waters to the silent right,  
Leftwards the shine of the unvarying light,  
Into the very void they seemed to go ;  
No hand with land these wastes had laughed  
to sow ;  
There was around them a crystalline peace,  
That grew more weird than night when storm-  
winds blow ;  
They might turn backwards and thus gain  
release,  
But who could surely feel  
That the reversèd keel  
Might not find gulfs where even time would  
cease ?  
At night the burnished stars with soft in-  
crease  
Of flame made the far reaches visible ;  
They were a-float within a widening dell  
Of death's sheer imminence ; even as a flaw is  
found  
Dimming and shadowy inside a diamond's round.

## X.

Wherefore had shone the baleful light on  
high ?

The meteor that fell from its steep place  
And hissing met the sea's uplifted space ?

Were the stars fixed in yonder high-domed  
sky ?

And whence did the unchanging breezes fly ?  
Hard sailing in the teeth of winds ; and  
Spain,

Fair land of memories, both arm and eye  
Of Europe, like a dream at morn that vain  
And fragile passed and sped,  
Or soul mixed with the dead

And mounting upward to unfleeting gain,  
Would hardly greet them more beyond the  
plain

Of sinuous waves into whose spell they swept ;

Here all was other ; not even the needle kept

Her truth in the mad realms ; yet better to be lost  
On the track homewards than on this grim sin be  
tost.

## XI.

But the Commander swerved not from his  
trust,

His prayers were answered while he uttered  
them,

His eyes were fixed beyond the sunset's  
hem,

And the fates surely could not be unjust ;



His thoughts were truth itself, and so there  
must  
Rise from the deeps an answer clear and  
meet ;  
He calmed the sailors' dreads and often thrust  
Their glooms aside with foregleams of the  
feat  
Which all time should record  
Their braveries' fit award ;  
His skill pictured for them the town and  
street  
Wherethrough the Khan's life, fierce and  
golden, beat ;  
What fear of fire stones falling from above ?  
He knew them well ; besides the tomb of Love  
Who died for men must needs have freeing ; Holy  
Writ  
Sanctioned their distant search and prophesied of  
it.

## XII.

Yet the fierce anguish of the homeless waste  
Grew stronger, and they rose in scorn and  
hate  
Against their chief, whose madness, soon or  
late,  
Must bring the doom which they so long had  
faced  
Half helplessly ; they would, no more disgraced  
And shamedly hearkening his obscure be-  
hests,

Feel their firm wits by his crazed dreams displaced,  
Nor seek these wests eked out by farther wests ;  
And if death came, alack !  
It should be on the track  
Homewards ; let him go forth on dangerous quests  
With those unweeting that his interests  
Were not the heaven's, but intense search for gold  
Of which low-breathèd secrets had been told  
Into his ear by lying pilots who had been  
But a short way upon the ocean's swirl and sin.

## XIII.

The Admiral heard their loud complaints and called  
Unto the ships accompanying his ;  
In solemn council all their miseries  
Were spoken and the demon deep unwallèd  
Tossed round them ; then the Pinzon unappalled  
Voiced the great need from off the swaying deck  
And for a brief time held them disenthralled,  
Obedient to their Master's word and beck ;  
"Señor, some two or three  
Of these might feed the sea ;  
And if the hangman's office seem a fleck

Upon you which you love not, they shall  
reck  
Not long of mere delay ; my brother here  
And I will bear down on them swiftly, cheer  
Their dark despair, and land them in another  
world !  
The flag we bear is but above success unfurled ! ”

## xiv.

They cowered abashed and the touched Ad-  
miral said :  
“ A few days more we will our course pursue  
And the near hour will give the land to  
view ;  
Such do I deem the present likelihead ;  
But if these last few hours are fully sped  
And only sky and water greet us, I  
Will change the sailing by your longings led.”  
Then Pinzon once more raised his voice and  
high  
Above the wind and wave  
Sounded the message brave :  
“ Forward ! Forward ! Forward ! ” a clarion  
cry  
Circling around between the sea and sky.  
Whatever deeds darkened your latter days,  
That courage lifts you, Pinzon, past all praise ;  
Your haughty spirit gave its fire when needed most,  
And to those dauntless words reached forth the  
enamored coast !

## xv.

And later came the cry of land—perchance  
Because we often see the thing we long  
To see—and the wan Admiral raised the  
song  
*Gloria in Excelsis*—and his glance  
Wandered afar where the lit ripples dance ;  
Lo ! there it lay, purple and dim, a cloud  
Hardening to shore with the full-sailed ad-  
vance ;  
So they all hoped with their pale faces  
bowed  
And eyes straining and fierce  
Into the depths to pierce ;  
Continent was it ? or a thick-set crowd  
Of islands ? the close flight of birds avowed  
The nearing rest and harbor—thick they came,  
Fluttered and chattered without let or blame ;  
Alack ! the land sank back into the abysses there ;  
The sighing waves beneath and round them nought  
but air !

## xvi.

Even the great heart faltered and at night  
He sat upon the deck and felt the gloom  
Falling around him like a mighty doom ;  
The faint glow on the waters left and right  
Hurt his tense mood and something shut his  
sight,  
And whether sleep or waking he knew not,

Or whether it was dark or full of light,  
Or whether earth or other holier spot ;  
    But a voice softly spake  
    Nor did the silence break :  
“ Have I not led you ? have you too forgot  
    How from your childhood I have made your  
    lot  
Mine own, and filled your life with me, and  
    gave  
You toils I needed in my toils to save  
Man from himself ? And do you doubt and trem-  
    ble now ?  
Nay, fear not ! Lo ! my certain morning girds your  
    brow ! ”

## xvii.

He woke as one who might return from death  
    Unto the scenes he knew beneath the sun  
    And to far heights his thoughts began to  
    run ;  
His dreams flew past the bounds where tar-  
    rieth  
The mind of men, and over him the breath  
    Of the Terrestrial Paradise sped soft,  
And he heard waking what the sweet mouth  
    saith  
Of the pure Mother who sits throned aloft  
    And crowned by her own Son ;  
    Her radiant smile had won  
His heart to deep allegiance and had oft

Shone on his darkness and his soul had  
doffed  
Its sadness ; he could wait for many a morn  
With this clear vision ; sometimes when the  
scorn  
Seemed far too much to bear, he had heard mur-  
murs beat  
Within him, and he would the mystic tones repeat

## XVIII.

Even as did the thunderous ones of old  
Who spoke what heaven itself poured through  
their lips,  
Striving to ward their country's near eclipse ;  
Ah, if the obscure Future had unrolled  
The stately pageant which she held in fold  
Of dimness, how his full heart must have  
leapt  
Unto the Hesperian Freedom's morning gold ;  
He would have known that his straight voy-  
age kept  
The road to Paradise  
Indeed, which earthly eyes  
Should see, and the salt tears which time  
had wept  
Must feel assuaged, for the Republic slept  
Her ante-natal slumber and light fell  
Beneath her trembling eyelids, her *All's well !*  
Would ring above the expectant lands, and the last  
birth  
Of national powers arise in stature of her worth.

## XIX.

Perhaps some forefeel of his latter days  
Came over him, Fonseca's tireless hate,  
And all the ills that oft on greatness wait,  
And hardships of triumphant rugged ways ;  
And further on the world-wide lamping blaze  
Of gratitude which circled his bright name ;  
His last doubts vanished and his gaze  
Swept the wide ocean ; he could bear the  
blame  
Of the dull halting men,  
Who would withhold again  
The world from its advancement, and their  
shame  
Should be his answer when the victory came ;  
He had not failed to hear when his thought  
spoke,  
He had not failed to read what message broke  
Upon him when the outer life was quieted  
And his deep heart and deeper truth were inly wed.

## XX.

Was that a new star in the purple West ?  
Golden and flickering, quenched and full of  
fire,  
Like an uncertain strengthening desire ?  
It glows above the uttermost dark crest  
Of waters ; O mysterious palimpsest  
Of the round skies, will you not utter clear  
The secret you have shrouded terriblest

Amid the weltering ocean's vast and fear ?  
 Is yonder flame the key  
 Unto the mystery ?  
 The last word in the message darkling here  
 Which fills the meaning out, repaying drear  
 And dim-eyed watching and grim anguishing  
 Of the tense soul that now may rise and sing  
 Its rich-voiced pæan and the heart awake once more  
 Into the joy of life from over-cloudings sore ?

## XXI.

Is it a star ? its lambent tremulousness  
 Melts in the dark around it ! now it pales  
 And its soft lustre droops and faints and  
 fails ;  
 It breaks anew ! it comes like a caress  
 From regions of divinest blessedness !  
 " Pedro Gutierrez, turn your sight afar !  
 What is yon shining of the floating tress ? "  
 " I mark the pale far radiance of a star ! "  
 " Oh, look again, again,  
 And call the next of men !  
 Rodrigo of Segovia, past the bar  
 Of many waves see you what flashings are ? "  
 " Nay, good your grace, I see naught but the  
 dark ! "  
 Forth leaps to leeward the adventurous bark !  
 Lo ! there ! It shines again ! Master, it grows  
 more bright !  
 All men upon your knees ! It is a light !—a light !



IV.

THE NEW WORLD.

Come thou whole self of Latter Man !  
Come o'er thy realm of Good-and-Ill,  
And do, thou Self that sayest, *I can*,  
And love, thou Self that sayest, *I will* ;  
And prove and know Time's worst and best,  
Thou tall young Adam of the West !  
—LANIER.



## THE NEW WORLD.

### I.

EASTWARD the dawn and to the west lay  
land ;  
Oh not Cathay, but a more virgin soil,  
And waiting for the newer faith and toil,  
Responsive to a more august command ;  
Nor here where breezes blew serene and bland  
And the warm sun enlarged from labors  
rude,  
Upon this river-fed and fruitful strand  
Where nothing harsh or stern dared to in-  
trude,  
Was the fair dome to rise,  
But under cloudier skies,  
In which the nobler reach and larger mood  
Should find themselves drawn on and subtly  
wooded  
To make their dwelling with the whole of man,  
Moulded unto the dream wherein began  
The passion of his life, for from no lesser source  
Flowed the wide stream of hope and urged its  
deepening course.

## II.

Once more a portent shone in Germany ;  
For there the Great Reformer rose and stood  
Firm-poised and strong against a very wood  
Of opposition ; no more should there be  
A wall betwixt the soul and verity ;  
In the wide spiritual realms there was no king  
Save God ; life had not striven to make men  
free  
Through the long years but to lose all and  
bring  
Again the servitude  
To a power once imbued  
With the pure love wherewith the seasons  
sing,  
But now athirst for rule, and carrying  
Base pomp into the sanctuary's mid ;  
He could no other do than he was bid  
By the deep voice within, and Spirit's rich domain,  
Seen by the eye of faith, lay clear revealed and plain.

## III.

Also the soul confronted in its might  
The shows of all the world, and dared to say  
That there was naught beneath the eye of day  
Which fell not in its province, and its right  
To judge what truth was came not from the  
light  
Flickering alone in cloisters ; every man  
Stood in the hall of Good, and his own sight  
Read the true message that on high began ;

The young strong cities rose,  
And yet another close  
Of music through the deepening chorus ran,  
And peaceful toil pressed forward in the van ;  
The castles frowned upon their rough hill sides,  
And the hurt villein looked upon the rides  
Of glittering lords and ladies with a half despair,  
Then left the plough and sought the city's freer air.

## IV.

Through the rapt ages sped the dream and grew  
More certain with the pregnant flight of time  
And held the seasons in a richer rhyme ;  
From every star that shone and wind that blew  
The intelligence came, and all men surely knew  
That the deep self was height and lucid peak  
From whence the landscape took proportion  
due,  
And justice was the good they were to seek ;  
Mere trust in rule was dead,  
And it had basely led  
Into the gardens withered now and bleak  
Wherein too long mad kings had joyed to  
wreak  
Their wanton fancies and their wild caprice  
On men whose hands had given long life and  
lease  
To crime and shamelessness ; the flame-lit end was  
here ;  
Each man decreed himself, and sovereignd all the  
sphere.

## V.

The thunder rolled above impetuous France,  
The earth shook in the storm, and savage  
cries  
Of the roused nations answered to the skies ;  
The thrones of Europe trembled, and the lance  
Of Freedom clove the darkness with the glance  
Of its divine illumination, yet  
Too fierce and strenuous was the grim advance,  
And by too many foes self-made beset ;  
So Victory spurned the earth  
As of too little worth  
For her long dwelling ; and the ground was  
wet  
With curdling dews the ways would fain  
forget ;  
The scornful sun looked down in pain and  
wrath  
On lands that trod the new-old hateful path ;  
A sigh came from the seas, and everywhere was  
heard  
The cry, " How long, O Freedom, is your reign  
deferred ! "

## VI.

O sunset land ! to you the days have given  
The noblest labor, the severest meed,  
The Consummation and the Mighty Deed !  
You shall from all cast off the manacles riven  
In the sad past, and time's old sorrows driven

Before like leaves upon the autumn blast,  
And memories of crimes and wrongs unshriven,  
In the fierce light that your clear eyes will  
cast,  
Must seek the open grave  
From which no later wave  
Of shame or folly can revive them ; fast  
Shall they lie there until a springtime vast  
Sweeps over them and makes them part of life  
That has arisen full-sinewed from the strife,  
Your surging life, O Mother, triumph-voiced and  
great,  
Shaper of man's firm welfare, Builder of the State !

## VII.

What have you not that kisses of the sun  
Delight to fondle ? waters, large and fair,  
And golden regions of the variant air ;  
Both oceans find their daily loves undone  
Unless their songs within your ears are spun ;  
Your mountains soar above you, calm and  
tall,  
And lure until their silences have won  
Your hearts to spiritual heights which hold  
and thrall ;  
Your prairies like a bride  
Laugh to the blue skies wide  
With their abundance ; no fate can befall  
You save the further rich behest and call  
Of wisdomed bringing what you have in fee

Unto all lands, mild peace and liberty,  
And nobler beauty, purer song, and juster sight  
Of the deep secrets hid within the Infinite Light !

## VIII.

O stern-browed Heroine far across the sea,  
Your daughter knows your blood within her  
veins,  
And hearkens to the ever-ringing strains  
Your voice has poured to honor Liberty ;  
Her have you worshipped and you still must  
be  
Helper and guide upon the luminous way ;  
What you have done to make the nations free,  
Believing ever in the sun-filled day  
That shall pervade at length  
Mankind in all its strength,  
Named you among those chief round whom  
the play  
Of forces bringing triumph shed the ray  
Of the result divine ; we feel you here  
Within us, and the hour cannot appear,  
O England, which will not turn youwards and re-  
peat  
How your grand life's stream flows within us pure  
and sweet.

## IX.

The secret found at last ! obedience  
To nothing alien but the very God



Fluent throughout the majestic period ;  
The soul of man and life one stream whose  
whence  
Is in the light of Good's pre-eminence ;  
The heart of each co-equal with the whole  
That through it flows in joyous turbulence ;  
The soul of man one self-divided soul,  
Whose parts innumerable are  
Conjoined as light to star,  
A star whose beams around it speed and roll,  
Each beam all light and true as steel to pole  
Unto its source of pure yet mixèd flame,  
Each beam all light reflected to the same  
Glory and fervor whence its dreams have ever been,  
And fleeting back from being's utmost verge and  
sin !

## X.

O heart of time and secret of the world  
Revealed at last beneath the happy sun,  
O wide-branched blossom of the ages won  
Into vast growth, since the first dew lay pearled  
Upon the first leaf to the light uncurled,  
Since sense of spiritual search was anywhere,  
You have gleamed forth, and ray by ray unfurled  
Your crescent shining to the ambient air ;  
Now we behold you sure,  
The spirit and the lure  
Of all endeavor, not a mere nation fair,

Not one bright flower, but, clustered rich  
and rare,  
A flower of flowers, a petalled sisterhood,  
The torch-like centre of the heavy wood  
Of history, giving light upon the living past  
And chiefest glow on upward-leading pathways  
cast !

## XI.

In days of Greece whose eyes prophetic saw  
The spiritual sphere disclosed, and whose  
life rose  
With youthful ardor past the wizard shows  
Of sense into that region of clear awe,  
A multifloral state which drank the law  
Of one strong stem half stayed the night  
that fell  
Too soon, and charmed the savage winds from  
flaw,  
Nearing its burst, to silence ; but too well  
For the rathe hour was planned  
The interlinked command ;  
Also the mountaineers who feel the spell  
Of their wild land's enchanting miracle  
Have woven a light of rule whose distinct hues  
Conjoined have been a beacon to diffuse  
A hope among the watchers that the delaying morn  
Would surely come when the Republic should be  
born.

## XII.

Now the Republic has indeed beheld  
The vapors vanish from the western seas,  
And day's young magic flash across the leas  
Which the wrapt fancy of the climes of eld  
Longed for and prayed ; those tense desires  
unquelled  
By disappointment, merciless defeat,  
Have sprung from every overthrow to weld  
Anew the dream for which their passion beat ;  
Of the Discoverer's heart  
Those purposes had part,  
And led him forth with inexhausted heat  
To make strong Europe's hope the New  
World's feat ;  
What the worn past has been anhungered for,  
Holding all action its sure servitor,  
The form of rule to whose large beauty men must  
kneel  
Appears, a State of States, the Nationed Common-  
weal !

## XIII.

Not tower but city crowned is your grand brow,  
Your limbs prodigious in the strength of  
youth,  
And in your eyes the awfulness of truth,  
Not mail-clad, bringer of the olive-bough,  
Holy and tender, with lips sweet from vow

Of help to all men in all continents,  
And gracious hands of blessing to endow  
With life the hopes to which all time con-  
sents ;  
The thunder of the mirth  
Of the awakening earth  
Hailed you from mountains with their snowy  
tents,  
And utmost shores the scarce-sailed sea  
indents ;  
At night the passion of the stars looked down  
And laughed to see you, and the sombre frown  
That gloomed the past-rid lands faded in joy which  
came  
From you, O mightiest-thewed, and source of  
spiritual flame !

## XIV.

Yet was the struggle hard ; not a mere gift  
Is the great strength which leads to master-  
dom ;  
Wisdom and just assurance only come  
With victory over sordid ills that drift  
Around us, and the courages that lift  
Into the high are their own best reward.  
The agonies were hers which burn and sift,  
And her blind powers sometimes held vain  
accord  
With those whose scornful boast  
Was that they harmed her most ;

Around her beat the many-headed horde  
Of envy, malice, hatred, and self-scored  
She lay with bleeding wounds ; the battle's  
rage  
But made her firmer, and the dearer wage  
Of nobler reverence, self-control, and sight of good,  
Was hers as she emerged from that dense earlier  
wood.

## xv.

One stain remained upon her brow, the mark  
Of sin against the soul of brotherhood ;  
She who was Freedom's, what fate abject  
could  
Ally her with the baser crew whose dark  
Control plucked selfhood from the crouched  
and stark  
Corrupted ones, debased from man to thing,  
And wreaking on their sterile brains the cark  
And care which are the signs of travailing  
With birth of loftier will ?  
Yet the hour came to spill  
Upon the ground her life-blood and to bring  
Her dearest to the altar that the spring  
Might be spring unto all ; with forehead bare,  
Washed clean of the defilement, miracle-fair ;  
She stands, the shadow in her eyes of anguish fled,  
Strengthened and conscious of herself, her hopes,  
her dead !

## XVI.

But newer griefs assail her, lust of gold,  
The greed that would have all the world its  
own  
And silences its ear to sound of moan  
Falling from lips of victim, savage hold  
Of temporal goods, that grows an uncontrolled  
And never-ending madness, these grim ills  
Sprang up around her, taunting, scornful, bold;  
Whither have fled the stern and potent wills  
Who knew to curb the brood  
Of evil-doers rude?  
Shine forth with glance of perfect scorn  
which kills,  
O Titaness, and from the hand that tills  
These monstrous fields, strike the ill-gotten  
gain,  
Be loud upon them and transform, restrain,  
Show forth the double crime, the land nor grows  
nor lives,  
Which learns not how to steer 'twixt such alter-  
natives.

## XVII.

Why should the hungry poor groan in your  
borders,  
And toil raise gaunt and angry hands of  
appeal  
For wiser guerdon from the commonweal?

Shall you be blamed like those whom the  
recorders

Write in the Book of Grief as vain awarders

Of the great good which is the lot of all ?

Nay, Mother, help ; surely your deep skill  
orders

Your realm so that the noblest issues fall

Unto your diverse sons ?

What lack of memory runs

Through your tense soul that you should  
fail to call

Your note of warning through your land's  
wide hall ?

Graceless to grasp for more than is of use,

And give to greed a limitless abuse ;

Find way to make your equal sons by right and law  
Partakers of yourself and sharers of your awe !

XVIII.

Lo ! at the portal stands the Angel Love,

The morning of her presence casts before

An opulent radiance from shore to shore,

Responsive to the light of life above,

And the roused land grows cognizant thereof ;

She stands upon the threshold, she would  
serve

What her dear heart can yearn for not enough,

Fair sights from which her firm eyes will not  
swerve ;

She would cast out forever

The demon who can sever  
The hands of men, make her own life the  
    nerve  
Of all familiar acts, hold in its curve  
Of glad ascent, pure deeds and strong desires,  
Tread under foot fast-smouldering envy's fires,  
Withhold from grasp of aught that better feeds  
    another  
The strength that is in truth as name to all a  
    brother.

## XIX.

The land thrills with an impulse as of spring,  
New fountains bubble underneath the soil,  
New dreams of peace float through the night  
    of toil,  
New melodies begin to soar and sing  
Within the regions of grim suffering ;  
    Unto a newer height the goddess leads,  
Where brighter blooms their sweeter fragrance  
    fling  
Over warm reaches of benignant meads ;  
    The path before us dim  
    Lies in the twilight's rim ;  
Soon the new sun will cast from him the  
    weeds  
That yet enshroud him, and a day that  
    breeds  
A deeper love vanquish the dark anew,  
A spiritual day with skies of singing blue,



A sea of spirit isled with souls around whom flow  
The everlasting streams full of meridian glow.

## xx.

Fronting the abyss with smile and brow serene,  
The new man comes, self-poised, self-equal,  
firm,  
Not held within the narrowing senses' term,  
Not bound in chains of things but touched  
and seen ;  
Faith opens outlooks past the vaporous screen  
Of time, and the whole world lies bathed in  
light ;  
His courage is uplifting and his keen  
Ardors endow the weak with his life's  
height ;  
The stars, his charioteers,  
Bring truths from utmost spheres ;  
All fears lie dead before him, thought and  
might  
Obey him, and his sun is love and right ;  
Victory calls him hers, and lofty joy,  
The night and day vicissitudes employ  
For him, the sea and air are subject to his nod,  
And his divining eyes gaze up and look on God !

## xxi.

Here in these waiting days I raise my song,  
Catching far gleams from what is sure to be ;

As one who hears the unsighted s  norous  
    sea,  
And the live pulses in him fiercely long  
To mix with those glad pulses and the strong  
    World-circling flow, I reach forth to the hour  
When subjugate the old tyranny of wrong  
    Will range itself beside love's conquering  
    power ;  
    These accents poor and faint  
    But dimly limn and paint  
    The centuries-crescent aloe in mid flower ;  
    Ah, that a poet of the supreme dower,  
A poet such as earlier periods had,  
Or full-voiced singer as will surely glad  
The expanses of the future would build up the  
    theme,  
And fashion forth the wonder of the truthful  
    dream !

## XXII.

Be glad, O land, fling your bright banners  
    free,  
Rejoice as never land rejoic  d yet,  
All injuries forgive, all woes forget,  
Send your acclaim from summer sea to sea,  
Here at this tide happy and proud are we !  
Honor his heart with far heard gratitude,  
Who knew you through the gloom and mystery,  
Which held and swayed you from the first  
    indued !

Let not one voice upraise  
An accent other than praise !  
O sleepless vigor with intent imbued  
To erect a peace in place of old world feud!  
Bring from the fruitful south and stalwart north  
Your numberless array of treasures forth !  
Build the white halls of beauty and within them store  
Marvels of thought and hand from every clime and  
shore !

## XXII.

Also call forth from the high-laboring earth  
The wisest and the farthest reaching minds,  
The manifold insight that forever finds  
The deepening truths of more embracing worth,  
Who are the masters of the encircling mirth  
In which ideas rise and move and dwell,  
Who watch in spiritual skies the pauseless birth  
Of stars whose lordships are invincible ;  
Not in the pompous past  
Has astroscope been cast  
Of richer presage, and on no time fell  
A lovelier laughter, more enduring spell ;  
The earth is harnessed to the care of man,  
The air will soon upbear his caravan ;  
Towards the bold conquests hearts and eyes are  
fixed and bent,  
Fresh fragrant winds from the far vales are blown  
and sent.

## XXIV.

Has Beauty fled the earth ? Had Greece alone  
Or the great age when from the painted wall  
The thunders of the judgment seemed to fall  
The charm to win her ? shall the sculptured  
stone  
Or forest pile of marble, luminous grown  
With the pure sense of love, arise no more ?  
Nay, half her magic has not yet been shown,  
And she will glow far dearer than before !  
Nay, if she only wear  
Her uncrowned floating hair,  
No more a queen, but woman to adore,  
Yet must her dreams be truer, farther soar ;  
Sweetest of messengers from the far skies,  
The untrembling light of truth within her eyes,  
The veilless soul of man as ne'er in ages past  
Shall by her touch in finer, fairer forms be cast !

## XXV.

The Faiths to whom were given the sacred keys  
Of heaven, and who by different mountain  
ways  
Led upward to the self-same goal of praise,  
Each deeming that the opened mysteries  
Were hers alone, and that the golden breeze  
Blown through the tree of life touched but  
such brows  
As bore her sign, shall mingle hands and seize

With tears the illumination which allows  
    The achievement unto each  
    For which earth's prayers beseech ;  
Unto the one white Light arise all vows,  
    The one white Radiance punctually endows  
The creatures everywhere with his own life,  
And joy which hath calm purity for wife  
Shines in the many-gated city when the song  
Resounds to greet each wayworn and victorious  
    throng.

## XXVI.

And Supreme Thought who calls the world  
    her own,  
And passes things and life in full review,  
And gains the old truth that is ever new,  
Freedom's best guide and counsellor hath  
    grown ;  
There are no fields which her seed hath not  
    sown,  
There are no heights which her feet may  
    not climb,  
There are no dreams which must not hers be  
    known,  
There are no glooms for her in any time ;  
    Arranger of all life,  
    And mistress over strife,  
She sets the stars in melody and rhyme,  
And makes the periods with each other  
    chime ;

Pouring her hopes into the dark recesses,  
Thridding her way through the vague wilder-  
nesses,  
She fashions, rules, designs, and dwells within the  
light,  
Which is the heart of hearts, and very sight of  
sight.

## XXVII.

O fair republics of the warmer sun,  
O sister states rejoice amid your flowers,  
And take with us the higher-hearted hours  
That point to destinies but half begun  
And grandeurs from the urgent future won ;  
Join hands with us in this our triumph tide,  
Send forth the tones in deep-based unison  
With Freedom's chorus which is close allied  
To the rapt song that springs  
From planetary rings ;  
Here on the stormy ocean's hither side  
We all will say that room must be denied  
To aught that savors of a king or crown ;  
And you, our sister, underneath the frown  
Of colder skies, take part in our mid revelry,  
And greeting send to her across the southern sea !

## XXVIII.

Into the future one more forward glance !  
Raise your great brows, O Titaness, and call

Over to Europe's millions ; let from your  
lips fall  
The sound that bursts the agonizing trance,  
The message that evokes the swift advance ;  
    Bid war disarm, and cast his helmet down  
And show within his wrathless eyes' expanse  
    The love which lurks behind his fleeting  
    frown ;  
        Bring nearer the glad hour  
        Of congregated power !  
Speed you the federated world, the crown  
Of time's endeavor ! speed ! so hill and  
town  
May answer back the rich intelligence,  
The song that ravishes both soul and sense,  
The friendship of the nations, and the end attained  
For which the tears were shed, the ground with  
blood was stained !

## XXIX.

And those who are the ages' children yet,     ✱  
The wandering tribes who vaguely dream  
and brood,  
Held in the bondage of an earth-born mood,  
By foes within and foes without beset,  
Let not the pity of the world forget ;  
    Shed light through their grim darkness and  
    uplift  
To generous manhood ; where the woods are  
wet

With dew that is not morning's tremulous  
gift,  
Bring strength and lamplike peace  
Whose lustre must increase  
Over the earth ; with footsteps light and  
swift  
Let the soft influence fleet ; into the drift  
Lead the cleansed streams of hope and trust  
and thought  
Until the conquest is more surely wrought,  
And love and good fulfill the time, and everywhere  
A freeman raises hand and brow unto the air !

## xxx.

One vision more ! the spiritual city lies  
Beneath the sun ; the all-subduing love  
Inhabits there as in the realms above ;  
As lordly as the blue unclouded skies  
Life passes, and the mighty dawn's surmise  
Reaches completion, and the deeps on deeps  
Of spirit which are seen alone of eyes  
Whose watch is kin to power that never sleeps  
Are more and more revealed ;  
The innermost heavens unsealed  
Comfort the heart where no more anguish  
weeps,  
And open fields which faith forever reaps ;  
The truth shines everywhere and strenuous  
right  
Souls every deed with its transcendent light ;



The winds are song itself, the hours are radiance-  
fleet,  
And fear of death is not, and every toil is sweet !

## XXXI.

God's Thought rose clear before him and he  
said :  
    " Lo ! I have fashioned for mine eyes to see  
    The mighty miracle of Liberty ;  
Unto my will have many wills been wed,  
With mine own light have lesser lives been fed,  
    With mine own being filled and wondrous  
    fire,  
The increasing light by which all hearts are led  
    Unto the summit of supreme desire ;  
        From glowering suns and stars,  
        From elemental wars,  
    From interflux of powers and savage ire  
    That bid the engirding night pause and ad-  
    mire,  
From anguish and despair, the wordless brood  
    That fills the expanse of forests primal-rude,  
I have brought forth that mine unenvying soul  
    might know  
The lofty love wherewith but Freedom's self can  
    glow ! "

THE END.

















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